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MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY

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THE AUTHOR.

MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY

(1826—1899).

BY

LINDLEY NUNN, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.), A.R.A.

With Eleven Illustrations.

IPSWICH:

W. E. HARRISON,

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WHO IN FUTURE YEARS

MAY PERHAPS READ WITH INTEREST

THE FOLLOWING "RECOLLECTIONS."

LINDLEY NUNN.

PREFACE.

In submitting the following Musical Recollections of the last Fifty Years, I may crave the kind indulgence of my readers.

For a task of this kind I have no literary experience, and it is one which presents all the more difficulty because a certain appearance of egotism is absolutely unavoidable. I can only say, that but for the very urgent wishes expressed by two or three of my oldest friends, I should not have contemplated for an instant the present attempt at describing what may or may not prove, in the long run, to be a mere statement of facts, interesting only to myself and a few others. Of old times and experiences, however, I have a very vivid recollection, and my apologue, or apology, may perhaps be completed with the following quotation from an interesting book by Mrs. Newton Crosland :—

" It may be said that at upwards of seventy years of

age the memory becomes feeble and confused. In my own case, only in a very limited degree am I conscious that this is true; but, because I felt that the years were passing fast away, so long back as 1840 I began making memoranda of facts, dates, and circumstances that appeared to me worth noting down. I must speak of myself often in connection with scenes I shall try to describe, and must even start with a childish recollection. This I do to give the reader some faith in my powers of memory."

I may say further that I have divided these Recollections into three parts—namely, My Youth; Academy Career; and Ipswich Career.

L. N.

May, 1899.

MY YOUTH.

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MY YOUTH.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN.

CHAPTER I.

BURY IN THE OLDEN DAYS—OUR HOUSE IN THE CHURCHYARD—MY FIRST APPEARANCE—MUSICAL ANECDOTES—GLORIES OF THE OCTOBER FAIR—A GRAND CONCERT OF MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

I was born in the Churchyard (rather a funereal entrance into the world) at Bury St. Edmund's, in the year 1826. My grandfather, who lived at Eye, in Suffolk, was for many years rather celebrated in the education of boys placed under his care in that town, and many have since told me that much they had ever learned of what was good was the result of his judicious training. On my first visit to Eye, while strolling in the Churchyard, almost the first thing I saw was the tomb of my grandfather, on which was inscribed, "To the memory

of Robert Nunn." My father (also named Robert) settled in Bury, and for fifty years was organist of St. Mary's Church. His predecessor was a Mr. Guest, in whose time the organ was situated in the north gallery. A new instrument was built in the year of my birth, however, and this was placed in the west gallery. One of the first things I can remember is hearing my father play, and this also I well recollect: the choir, if such it could be styled, consisted of about a dozen boys, whose object, it seemed to me, was to sing as little as possible, and to crack nuts as often as possible. I am ashamed to confess that in this latter particular my brother and I took no small share; surplices were never dreamed of, and the amount of reverence the boys showed was certainly not conspicuous. How different the state of things now!

The Churchyard at Bury is one in a thousand.

—In White's "History of Suffolk," I find the following reference to this picturesque and (to me) most interesting spot. "The Churchyard," he says, "comprises more than six acres, and contains the two parish churches of Bury, dedicated to St. Mary and St. James, besides which it formerly contained the Abbey Church,

and another dedicated to St. Margaret, the site of which is occupied by the Shire Hall. The Churchyard is crossed by two spacious walks, which have rows of lofty trees on each side, and round its margin are several excellent houses, with pleasant gardens and shrubberies, Clopton's Hospital, the Shire Hall, and some remains of the west end of the Abbey Church, now occupied as the Court of Probate and Will Office. The memorials of the dead are very numerous, and near the centre is a small plot of ground, enclosed with high iron railings, and planted with shrubs and trees. This cemetery belongs to the Corporation, but was enclosed and planted by John Spink, Esq., banker, who died in 1794, and lies buried in it, under a plain marble tablet. There was also in the Churchyard a public-house called 'The Magpie'; this was pulled down, and the ground on which it stood was, by means of a subterranean passage, added to Dr. Image's house close by."

Amongst the tablets there is one to the memory of Mr. Hague, a Doctor of Music, whose sisters had a school in the house which my father bought at their death, and in which we were all born. Our house was built in the ruins of St. Margaret's Church. So thick

were its walls that it took the workmen a fortnight to cut an opening from the drawing-room to the music-room. A fair idea of the solidity of the original structure may be formed, when I say, that a grand pianoforte was placed conveniently in the opening. The concert-room was added in the year of my birth, and I have been told that I drove in the first nail! The room was admirably adapted for music, its acoustic properties leaving nothing to be desired, and it was large enough to hold 300 people, with a suitable orchestra, and an organ to which was attached a "long movement," so that the player could sit near the conductor. At this time there was a Musical Society in Bury, and the concerts were held in the above room. Mr. Hanby Holmes, of the firm of solicitors—Jackson, Holmes and Spark—(a descendant of the latter being now the Under-Sheriff), was the Secretary. My first appearance on a platform was at one of these concerts. I took part in the chorus, "Vive le Roi," from Balfe's opera of "The Siege of Rochelle"; so elated was I at the time, that I quite thought the success of the concert was mainly owing to my assistance.

While speaking of my early home life, I may mention my father's extraordinary advocacy for punctuality.

Whenever he breakfasted with us, which was not often, if we were not down to the moment, the door was locked, and we had to do the best we could for that meal. This had the effect of our finding no little pleasure in his leaving home earlier than usual; but it had also, I think, the effect of convincing us that punctuality is an essential element in all business matters.

My father used to amuse us with various musical anecdotes. One which impressed me much, was a story of his coming to Ipswich, in his early days, to play at a concert. He arrived at the "Crown and Anchor Hotel" just before the concert began, and, to his dismay, his dress clothes were left behind. In his dilemma he borrowed evening apparel of the proprietor of the hotel. The latter was a very tall man; my father was the reverse. When my father was seated at the piano, therefore, the borrowed coat was so long as to interfere with the pedals, and the audience evinced no little merriment when he had almost to carry the tails of his coat, in order to accomplish the ascent to and descent from the platform.

It has been often remarked that early impressions are the most lasting, and, as a proof of this may be mentioned my vivid remembrance to this day of being tied

to the back of a coach and taken to Yarmouth. Yarmouth, then with its one jetty, has undergone a marvellous change since the introduction of steam. I think I enjoyed the visit then more than I do now. There was a charm of simplicity in the early days of this Victorian era, which has been stifled by the various advances of science. The journey by coach, how delightful!—except, perhaps, when seated between two umbrellas on a wet day. In the early mornings, how patiently I used to watch the servant, before the advent of matches, chipping away at the primitive tinder box! What a prolonged business that was, during the services on Sunday evenings, of snuffing the multitudinous candles in the long nave of St. Mary's Church! The shops were illuminated with a rush light stuck into a bottle; the streets were dimly lighted with oil of a most inferior quality. To the old churchyard this "dim religious light" may have seemed appropriate enough, but it certainly added a melancholy gloom to surroundings already sufficiently gloomy.

One of the most enjoyable events to us, as children, was the October Fair. It was the event of the year. So large was it, that it occupied nearly the entire space of the Angel Hill. All winter stores were laid in at this

THE ANGEL HILL, BURY St. EDMUNDS.

fair; all apparel bought. The roadway between the stalls (which were covered in) was so wide that it was no uncommon thing to see carriages driven through. The fair was always opened by the Mayor and Corporation, whose duty it was to partake of a lunch, composed of the renowned Bury sausages, at one of the booths.

We, as children, could only indulge in the perfume from outside. The climax of enjoyment was the purchase of crackers, which we showered in all directions, to the annoyance of the canine race. The gingerbread, too, with its golden devices and fantastic shapes, had a charm over all else, which children, then as now, can well understand. All this faded away when a sudden thought rushed upon me, that in order to accomplish all this pastime, I should have to rise earlier, to practice Czerny's odious "Hundred and One" exercises. I never hear them now without thinking of the October of long ago. This celebrated Fair is a thing of the past, like the stage coaches, etc. I almost feel inclined to add, What a loss!

In the *Bury and Norwich Post*, to the proprietors of which paper I am indebted for several extracts, a long and flattering description appeared of the concert given by my father on September 19th, 1826, to commemorate

the opening of the new organ. The concert was under highly distinguished patronage, as follows:—

His Grace the Duke of Grafton, Lord Lieutenant of the County,
The High Sheriff,
His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, E.M.,
The Most Noble the Marquis of Bristol,
The Right Hon. the Earl of Euston,
The Right Hon. the Earl of Jermyn,
The Right Hon. Viscount Bayning,
Sir Thomas Sherlock Gooch, Bart, M.P.,
Sir William Rowley, Bart., M.P.,
Sir James Affleck, Bart.,
Sir H. E. Bunbury, Bart., K.C.B.,
Sir William Parker, Bart.,
Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.,
Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P.,
Sir George Denys, Bart.,
Sir Felix Algar, Bart.,
Sir Robert Pocklington, K.M.T.,
Sir Lachlan Maclean, Kt.,

And other gentry and clergy of the town and neighbourhood.

The principal vocal performers were Miss Paton (afterwards Mrs. Wood), Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Atkins; Cramer led the band, Lindley appeared as principal 'cello, and my father presided at the organ. The following report appeared in the *Bury Post*:—

OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN.

Sacred Music and Concert.

"It is now above twenty years since a performance of music on an extended scale has been attempted in the town of Bury, and it seems to have been a settled conviction in the minds of the inhabitants—we suppose from the ill success of former trials—that any repetition must inevitably prove a failure, as far as regarded the remuneration of the bold man who should embark in the undertaking. Nor is this feeling to be wondered at, since even Mara and Billington have here poured forth their thrilling power, or delicious sweetness, in vain. It is true that, in the long space which has elapsed, the cultivation of music has been widely extended; but we question if the town of Bury has felt the influence of that extension to any considerable degree.

At all events, there has been no *communication* of harmony between its inhabitants; no society of amateurs —we doubt if even a Glee Club has ever attained any sort of "form or combination." Under such circumstances, it is obvious how great must be the difficulty of getting up a music meeting, in so entire an absence of a ground-work upon which to begin; and in proportion to the difficulty must be the merit of the achievement. It is indeed an achievement of no mean value, and it is one calculated to refine the tastes and consequently to improve the feelings of the inhabitants of a town which has already an air of gentility and respectability in its manners, such as ought not to stop short of those higher embellishments which the fine arts will afford. We, therefore, claim for Mr. Nunn the meed of the warmest applause for the spirit with which he resolved to throw himself upon the judgment and good feeling of the town and country, in taking the responsibility of the performance.

Tuesday happily proved a fine day, after the incessant rain of the preceding one. Long before the doors of the Church were opened, crowds of persons were collected, and when the performance commenced, all the places adapted for hearing, and even the whole aisle of

the magnificent edifice, which is 200 feet in length, down to the very steps of the altar, were filled with an assemblage including—The Duke of Norfolk, Marquess of Bristol and family, the Earl and Countess of Euston, the Ladies FitzRoy, the Earl Jermyn, the Ladies Keppel, the High Sheriff, Sir Thos. Gooch, Bart., M.P., and family, Sir William Rowley, Bart., M.P., and family, and many others of the principal county families. The number is supposed to have been above 1800."

CHAPTER II.

School Days—Famous Boys of the Grammar School—Its Tercentenary Commemoration—"Ouida"—The Theatre and old Stock Companies—Hereditary Tastes and Talents—My Uncle's Balancing Feats.

At the age of six (too young, I think) I was sent to school at Blomfield House—so named afterwards because the Rev. James Blomfield, a brother of the then Bishop of London, C. J. Blomfield, lived there. He took pupils, of whom I was one, into his house; but he imparted the English portion of our education only, and we went daily to the Grammar School for Classics. Edward VI., in the fourth year of his reign, ordained that there should be a free Grammar School. The fees for the Royalists were only eight guineas per annum, with an entrance fee of two guineas. I studied there under Mr. Edwards, and afterwards under Dr.

Donaldson. Being so young, I enjoyed many exemptions from the then tyrannical treatment of some of the older boys, and, with another boy of my own age, was allowed to leave early to avoid any attack after school hours. I went through all the forms creditably, I believe. 'Ere I reached the Sixth Form, however, my life underwent a great change, which I have ever since regretted. It was at one time my wish that I should study for the Bar, and Mr. Kelly (afterwards Lord Chief Baron), who was, when on circuit, a frequent visitor at our house, promised to help me in furthering this step. But alas! that ambition of mine had to be abandoned.

Mr. Blomfield was presented to the living of Orsett, and was succeeded by Mr. Charles Lockwood, under whom my school days were brought to a close. The Grammar School has borne a reputation out of proportion to the number of its students. The list of eminent men educated here includes an Archbishop, seven Bishops, a Lord Chancellor, a Keeper of the Great Seal, and five Judges. Amongst my school companions were the sons of the Bishop of London, several nephews of Baron Alderson, and many others who have distinguished themselves in various ways. In 1852 I was present at the Tercentenary Commemoration of the

school. Baron Alderson and Baron Rolfe changed the date of the Assizes in order to be present; the Bishop of London (C. J. Blomfield) preached the sermon; Bodham Donne, the Queen's translator, wrote the ode, which I set to music, but, owing to the lengthy programme of the day's proceedings, time did not admit of its being performed. At the *déjeuner* at the Athenæum, the two Judges, the Bishop, the Rev. C. J. P. Eyre, Mr. John Greene, and others, spoke at great length. Full particulars were published in a book at 2s. 6d., the price of which is now 12s. 6d., owing to the difficulty of procuring a copy. The Editor of the *Bury Post* kindly sent me a full account, but I refrain from inserting it, consisting, as it does, of eight columns.

Of my masters at King Edward's School it is scarcely possible to speak in terms too eulogistic. The two head masters, Mr. Edwards and afterwards Dr. Donaldson, were as strong a contrast as it was possible to conceive —the former placid, yet firm, the latter impulsive, with a sense of sarcasm, yet withal profoundly learned. In private life he was most genial. Of this I can speak from experience, as we often (weekly I may say) met at his house for the practice of music, Mrs. Donaldson being a pianist of no ordinary degree. It was on these occa-

sions, besides others, that the Hon. Edward Pellew (an enthusiastic violinist), my father, my uncle, and myself, passed many hours in the enjoyment of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Correlli. The second master, the Rev. J. E. Kempe (who for many years after was the Rector of St. James', Piccadilly, and with whom I was brought most in contact), was kindness itself; but above all, I must not forget to allude with gratitude to Mr. Blomfield, in whose house I resided, and to his successor, the Rev. Charles Lockwood. The latter name recalls to mind my personal acquaintance with "Ouida," the novelist. Mr. Lockwood's brother, who resided in Bury, was an uncle by marriage of the little girl whose name was Louisa, but who, at the time I knew her, pronounced it "Ouida," which *nom de plume* she has retained up to the present day.

Why I was sent off to school as a boarder, while my only brother had, as it appeared to me then, the great advantage of being a day scholar, was, at the time, a sore puzzle to me; but as it became unravelled, I could see that I enjoyed many privileges which were denied to him. I feel continually obliged, in describing these days, to link his life with mine, for we were in spirit inseparable. Half-holidays, at that time, were of much

more frequent occurrence than in these days, and they afforded me the opportunity of going home frequently during the summer months, to see our pet animals, of which we had a great variety, and to work in our garden, which was an everlasting delight, since we both inherited a love for flowers, which still remains to me. I have read that the spirit-breath of flowers bears a divine message, and that it is meet that they neither be trampled underfoot by the most exalted, nor thrown into the grave with the dead.

In the winter months, perhaps the greatest treat to which we looked forward was the Theatre. My father was known to most of the proprietors, so that a slip of paper which was designated, "An order for the Dress Circle," was often sent to him, and for this we inquired with an impatience which will be understood by those whose taste lies in that direction. There was at that time a celebrated Fisher Company visiting the provinces. The oldest member, called then "Old David," was a born actor. On more than one occasion he played for Edmund Kean in London; he was, indeed, the only actor whom Kean feared as a rival. The "Young David," though not equal to his father (and how often this is the case), I have since often seen at

the Lyceum. I remember that once, when staying at our house, he rehearsed the part of "Shylock," which he was to take in the evening, with such stage-like vehemence that we expected every minute "the pound of flesh" would make itself visible to us below!

The utter ignorance of stage management, of the scene shifting, and of unlucky *contretemps*, which were doubtless frequent enough, rendered the play far more attractive to us than anything I have ever seen since. Although one can but admire the wonderful *mise-en-scène*, the marvellous costumes, the gorgeous scenery of later days, still the fact of having been "behind the scenes," and become acquainted with "the pulling of the ropes," dispels most of the old and blissful illusions.

I fancy the sedan chair which used to convey us, and the calash which was worn by the ladies, would cause even greater excitement than the motor cab of the present day. The former certainly was safer, unless by chance the bottom of it gave way, which was an occasional occurrence.

During the Smith proprietorship, which was good, but not equal, it was thought, to the "Fisher's," the Company included a Mr. Gill, a most popular actor, and our favourite. His comic singing always "brought down

the house." He married Fanny Vining, daughter of an actor well-known on the London boards. It was my great desire to see these people in private, and this I often did, as some of them dined with us on Sundays. We children, being all very young, appeared only at dessert; but the hall in our house was spacious, and as each course was cleared, it was deposited very temptingly within our reach, so that we availed ourselves of the opportunity of indulging in a sly morsel.

On leaving the Grammar School, I still went on with the study of French and German, a Monsieur Colbrant helping me in both these languages. One of his children used frequently to gather snails, in our garden, to make into a kind of decoction supposed to be a cure for one of the family who was considered to be consumptive—a remedy I should be very sorry to adopt.

My father now counselled me to make music a serious study; consequently, scales and exercises occupied a large portion of the day's work. My mother was my chief instructress, and I could hardly have found one more efficient and patient. If there be any truth in the theory of hereditary talent, I ought to have been greatly favoured, for my father was skilled in no ordinary degree, in almost every way. He was a fine organ

player, excellent on all stringed instruments; he sang with exquisite taste, although possessed of a small voice; and when pressed, much against his will, his singing of a comic song of John Parry's was, even to the most fastidious, delightfully amusing. I remember one especially, called "Shivery Shaky," and even to this day I feel icy cold when I think of it. My mother's talent for music surpassed even that of my father. I think I have never heard "The Harmonious Blacksmith" more beautifully played, even by skilled executants. Her touch was so liquid and delicate, and when she played—as she frequently did in what is called "Blind Man's Holiday"—we all rushed to the piano as willing and never-tiring listeners. This touch has, I think, descended to the third generation.

One of my uncles was a celebrated violin player. At one time he lived in Cambridge, where he was Sir William Sterndale Bennett's first instructor. Of this Sir William has on more than one occasion assured me. This uncle of mine had a very sensitive touch. I have seen the poker, tongs, and chairs balanced by him at night, and found in the same position the following morning. I used in my early days to be doubtful as to the accuracy of my memory with respect to this

performance, but since then my account has been verified by several eye-witnesses. Only a few days ago I was asked by a comparative stranger whether I was related to the Mr. Nunn who could balance the chairs, tables, etc.

My brother was studying music at the same time, but outdoor sports had a charm for him which was detrimental to a rapid progress. Later on, however, he quickly made up for lost time. We very rarely (perhaps once a year) had a lesson from our father, and this is easily accounted for by his enormous amount of teaching. He visited nearly all the towns in the three counties, leaving home as early as five o'clock, and returning, not unfrequently, as late as midnight. With four or five assistants, his practice was very extensive, even rivalling that of the celebrated Dr. Buck, of Norwich, who was organist of the Cathedral, and an excellent trainer of choirs. His choirsters had a reputation unparalleled; I wish I could here give a list. I can recall Dr. Bunnett, Bexfield, two or three Manns, Stonex, Fearnside, and others.

Periodically, I grew rather weary of scales and exercises; but I well remember being awakened to fresh ardour when Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips, who were staying with us on the

occasion of a concert in Bury, sang the "Non Nobis Domini," as a grace at dinner. The blending of their excellent voices seemed to inspire me so much, that I quite longed for the first opportunity of trying it over on the piano. Its influence was by no means unimportant in inspiring me to fresh effort, and I often think the hearing of good music plays no insignificant part in developing one's studies. A musical atmosphere is such an essential factor, that all who are surrounded by it have much to be thankful for. As the name of Miss M. B. Hawes is before me, I may say that it still remains an open question whether it was for this lady, or for Miss Dolby, that Mendelssohn wrote the air, "O rest in the Lord," which was added to the oratorio of "Elijah." Some affirm the one, and some the other; but this I do remember—Miss Hawes said in our house that she was the one selected.

Miss Hawes, while staying with us, so charmed Mr. Merest, who was living in Bury, that their acquaintance ended in marriage. It was one of this party, Mr. Phillips, who first evoked in me a taste for angling. He was an enthusiastic disciple, and stayed not unfrequently at Amen Corner—the name he gave to our residence—for the purpose of indulging in his favourite recreation.

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSIZES—MEMORIES OF FITZROY KELLY AND SERGEANT DASANT—THE TRIAL OF CORDER FOR THE POLSTEAD MURDER—A SNUFF-TAKING AGE—VISIT TO NEWMARKET.

As children, we looked forward with eager interest to the Assizes. This was partly for the reason, as I have already indicated, that Mr. Kelly generally stayed with us when on circuit, and that from him came books, bats, balls and wickets, and other presents equally acceptable. On one occasion, Mr. Sergeant Dasent dined with us—I mention this because his nephew, Mr. French, has since become my son-in-law.

A letter from Mr. French's father, relating to these two famous men, may not be uninteresting. He says:—

"I recollect that, late in the autumn of 1834, the Houses of Parliament were burnt down, and that, to

the surprise of everybody, as the new Parliament had not been long in existence, William IV. demanded that the Seals of Office should be given up to him. The King handed them to the Duke of Wellington; the Duke communicated with Sir Robert Peel, who was then in Italy, and a dissolution took place. The country was not then ripe for a Conservative Government. When the new Parliament met, Sir Robert Peel's choice of a speaker, Manners Sutton, was rejected, and Abercrombie chosen. Party spirit ran very high at the time. Fitzroy Kelly was one of the members for Ipswich, and John B. Dasent was on his Committee; and, during the course of the election, some man declared he saw Dasent slip a sovereign into the hands of an elector. In February, 1835, the Speaker's warrant was issued for his apprehension, but as he had gone abroad, anticipating the warrant, he could not be taken into custody. The Committee of the House knew that he knew the warrant was coming, and he was ordered to be apprehended when he returned to England. The Committee determined that he should be sent to Newgate, for contempt of the Speaker's warrant, as a State prisoner. While undergoing his sentence, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel did him the

honour of calling upon him and leaving their cards. In 1837 he was committed to Horsemonger Gaol, in default of paying a penalty of £500, which was imposed, I understood at the time, for bribery."

The paraphernalia of the Assizes were far more imposing in those days than at the present time. The High Sheriff, with his multitudinous javelin men, met the Judges at Saxham White Horse, about four miles from Bury, on the road to Newmarket. Here their Lordships alighted from a private carriage, by which they came from Cambridge, and were conveyed in State to their lodgings in Bury—always, I think, with four trumpeters and not less than four horses. As our house actually joined the Shire Hall, we became quite familiar with the entrance and exit, to and from the Court, announced by the sound of the four trumpets, which to our ears was lovely music! The crowd was so great, I remember, at the trial of Corder, for the murder of Maria Martin (whose watch may be seen at a shop in Ipswich at the present time), in the Red Barn at Polstead, that when the heart of Corder's victim, which was preserved in spirit, had to be conveyed into Court, it was handed through one of the windows from our

garden, which opened into the Court itself. Polstead has since had a greater charm for me because of its cherries, which are justly celebrated.

Another event which impressed me much was the death of William IV. I could not understand the muffled peal being followed almost immediately after by the joyous bells announcing the accession of Queen Victoria. We who can recall the child Princess, full of bright promises which have been so amply justified, must feel our hearts stirred but the more deeply as the long years glide on, and we still pray, "May God bless her, and spare her for her people's happiness."*

My father's was a snuff-taking age, so I may be excused in mentioning here that he had a great store of various blends, and a very large box, made of Cannel coal, and presented to him by Dragonetti. While giving lessons he was very lavish in bracing his nerves with more than one pinch, to the detriment of the carpet. Once the lady of a school in which he taught had a quantity swept up and forwarded to him, with her compliments!

* Written on May 24th, 1899, while Her Majesty was celebrating her 80th birthday.

My first professional excitement was my being appointed, at an early age, organist of Ixworth. Every Sunday I drove a distance of six or seven miles to carry out this, to me, a very important function. My father had a favourite pony—one which he doubtless valued all the more, because with it he undertook his honeymoon through the Cumberland Lake District—and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to drive it. I dined at the Abbey, by kind invitation of its owner, Mr. Cartwright. It was at this time I used to watch the making of the railroad from Ipswich to Bury, the viaducts, cuttings, and arches, giving me my first idea of the new and more rapid mode of travelling, I can hardly here express the delight experienced on the receipt of my first cheque for my services at the organ! It was ten pounds; I thought it a sum far beyond my deserts.

Although within fourteen miles of Newmarket, I never but once attended the races. One fine morning, fresh, sunny, and invigorating, my father drove my brother and myself to see the "Two Thousand." The celebrated jockey, Jem Robinson, rode the winning horse, I think. He informed us that some time previously he had won the Derby on the Wednesday, and the Oaks on the Friday, and was married on the following morning!

This must have been to him a period ever to be remembered. I took very little interest in the race. I saw the horses start, and nothing more. The vast crowd obliterated me. Nevertheless, it was an experience so novel that I am glad to remember it. I was, however, much struck with the "four-mile course," in a straight line through the "Devil's Dyke."

I have a far more pleasing recollection of Newmarket in the fact that I took lessons in oil painting of Harry Hall, an artist celebrated for the painting of the various winners. His talent has descended to his son, Sydney P. Hall, whose drawings one so much admires in *The Graphic*. He was fortunate enough to accompany the Prince of Wales, in the "Serapis," on the Royal visit to India, and took sketches of the principal incidents so cleverly that his success as an artist from that time was assured. His mother's sister, Miss Payne, was the first girl to have the courage to learn the violin. She was in consequence thought to be intensely peculiar, if not insane, and for fear of ridicule never ventured to carry her violin case in daylight. I used to listen to her with astonishment and wonder, when she was taking her lesson of my father. How many lady violinists are there now? In spite of all the opposition she met with,

she succeeded in convincing many followers that it was an instrument more graceful in a lady's hand than in that of the opposite sex.

In my early youth parties were general, and invitations for my brother and myself were very numerous. We were supposed to be rather good dancers, and were always asked to appear in sailors' costume, having once given some pleasure by dancing the Sailor's Hornpipe. In other appropriate costumes we sang various comic songs. "Jim Crow" was the general favourite, at least among our younger friends. What this age, so rampant for classical music, will say to this I dare hardly imagine. I tremble almost at confessing to such a vitiated taste. In those days, however, Wagner had not appeared on the scene. Still, owing to our accomplishments in this way, we received more invitations than we otherwise should have done.

At a concert given by my father, I met with a catastrophe that might have had serious results. It was when Madame Sontag (the Countess Rossi), Lablache, and Thalberg visited Bury. After Lablache had finished one of his songs, I volunteered unwisely to assist him from the platform; he, more foolishly still, trusted to such insufficient help, and his colossal weight brought us both

to the floor, amid the roars of the audience. It was a very narrow escape on my part from crushed limbs.

Madame Sontag's "Home, Sweet Home," will never fade from my memory. I see now handkerchief after handkerchief, as tears were brushed away from almost every eye. At that time there was some pathetic incident in her life—I forget now exactly what it was—known to most of her audience, which elicited almost unparalleled sympathy, and this, added to her charming singing, doubtless accounted for the dryless eyes.

On this occasion I had a long chat with Thalberg, after the concert, at the Angel Hotel. He told me he practised generally eight hours daily, and as a rule very slowly. Would that more would follow his example! His manner was so modest; he seemed to think himself far from what he was—a fine pianist. He played his "Mosé in Egitto"; the rendering of "The Prayer" was exquisite. I was astonished at his large hand, which enabled him to execute passages of great expansion with a facility not easily attainable by his numerous followers. It is noteworthy to remark that Mendelssohn greatly appreciated him. His compositions have since given place to those of Chopin, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, and others.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HULLAH SYSTEM OF SINGING—CALLING ON A DUKE, FOR DINNER—NORWICH FESTIVALS—GRAY, THE ORGAN BUILDER—A TURNING POINT IN MY CAREER —DRAGONETTI AND HIS ECCENTRICITIES.

My father was the first to introduce the Hullah system of singing into Bury. By this system everyone was supposed to learn to sing, with or without voice. I remember that a clergyman, approaching eighty years of age, asked if he were too old to learn. It was a delicate question to answer, but he joined the class, which consisted of about seventy members. I was placed next to various voices, to report upon those who were likely to succeed, and those who were not. I'm afraid the latter preponderated. I was sent to conduct a class at Ickworth, and Lord and Lady Arthur Hervey, both musical, took an active interest in the system, and

introduced it into the school. I also had a class at Thetford, Eccles in Norfolk, Attleborough, and Hingham. I left Bury on horseback, and had breakfast at the "Bell Hotel," Thetford. The ride of twelve miles on a frosty morning sharpened the appetite to that extent that I fear the landlord did not find me a remunerative visitor. After breakfast, I rode on to Eccles Hall, the seat of Sir James Flower. The class there was most successful. Lady Flower was devoted to music. Amongst those who joined were Lady Margaret Coke, one or two members of the Albemarle family, and several clergy of the neighbourhood. This class led to my being invited on several occasions during the Christmas vacation to stay at Eccles, to my great delight. It was here I met Chatterton, at that time a great harpist, who afterwards, when I was a student in the Royal Academy, became a staunch friend.

The Rector of Attleborough, Dr. Barrett, attended the class at Eccles, and was so pleased with the system that he established a class in his own parish. On my first visit to that place he introduced me to his daughter in a rather startling way. "This is my daughter, who is the fourth off Handel," he said. I was not a little astonished at this, and the Rector explained it thus—

"Handel taught Arne, Arne taught Arnold, Arnold taught Jacobs, and Jacobs taught Margaret." At this rather mixed description I was much amused, and I felt somewhat flattered upon hearing that I was to be "the fifth off Handel"! I found "Margaret" an interesting, clever pupil, and not altogether unworthy of her musical preceptors. I believe she afterwards married Mr. Weller Poley, once High Sheriff for Suffolk.

Once I accompanied Mr. Hullah to one of his large classes in London, and certainly the result of his teaching was manifestly good. He was kind enough to invite me to dine with him, and hereby hangs the story of a queer mistake. On the day appointed I went to his house, as I supposed, and was met at the door by two men servants in gorgeous livery. On my entering the hall, these powdered and bewigged officials asked me if I had not made some mistake. I replied, "I have come to dine with Mr. Hullah." I learned from them that it was the residence of the Duke of Norfolk I had called at, having gone to St. James' Square instead of St. James' Place. The servants smiled; I looked crestfallen; and on my narrating this to Mr. Hullah, he laughed immoderately.

In the autumn of these days, my father and several

of his friends used to visit Norwich for the Festivals. I remember hearing on their return of the success of Spohr's "Fall of Babylon." I am sorry to say that these Festivals have been nearly always held at a time when professional engagements prevented my attendance. I have once or twice only been present. Apart from the musical attractions, the assemblage in St. Andrew's Hall of representatives of Royalty, and of all the great county families, invests the meeting with a distinction which attaches to few events of a similar kind. Had I been able to attend these gatherings I could have written much about the music; but this is quite superfluous, as all who are likely to wade through these pages will in all probability have been themselves present at one time or another.

I spent a very pleasant fortnight about this time at Hoddesdon with Mr. Gray, the celebrated organ builder. It was he who built the organ at St. Mary's Church, Bury, in 1826, when my father was organist there, as already narrated. He was the first builder to introduce the Keraulophon stop, the peculiar tone of which is owing to a small hole at the back of the pipe. During this visit Henry Smart was staying in the house. I am glad to have known him, for it was a great advantage to

hear him on the organ, and to listen to his compositions for that instrument. While staying with Mr. Gray I was supposed to learn the tuning of reeds. This is an advantage to all who play, and is in some cases indispensable, when one is far removed from a tuner. The firm afterwards became Gray and Davidson, the latter marrying Mr. Gray's eldest daughter.

There are three musical celebrities I regret never to have heard—these are Malibran, Paganini, and Mendelssohn. Malibran was not only a superb vocalist, but one of the finest actresses who ever lived. It is said that, after some impassioned scene, she seized a pot of porter belonging to a stage carpenter, and refreshed herself with a draught. Grisi was also known to do the same thing. Malibran had to give so much thought to her dresses for the stage that she paid a West End milliner £100 a-year to keep her well dressed on all other occasions, thus avoiding the worry of choosing for herself. My father wished to engage Paganini to play at one of his concerts, and wrote to him for his terms. His reply was, "Three hundred guineas." My father again wrote, offering five hundred if he would play at two concerts. This letter was never answered! I had one opportunity of hearing Mendelssohn play, but something prevented

this, and ere I had my wish gratified he died—thus exemplifying the proverb that "delays are dangerous."

We were rather overtaxed in quartette playing in those days. Mr. Pellew, my father, my uncle, and myself sometimes commenced about ten, and, with a brief respite for luncheon, played on until about six o'clock. This exceptional strain did not often take place; it was rather more than I cared for. Nevertheless, it resulted in Mr. Pellew presenting me with his "Rugerius" violin, he having bought a "Stradivarius" to take its place. He was the Rector of St. James's. At one of our meetings the Rector of St. Mary's (the Rev. C. J. P. Eyre) came to listen to us; Mr. Pellew had a funeral service to take, but he was so absorbed in his violin, in one of the movements of Mozart which he was playing, that when he remembered his appointment, he said, "Eyre, take this service for me," and immediately resumed his part in the quartette. It is impossible to speak too highly of his kindness to rich and poor. He has been known to take off his coat, and even his boots, and give them away to anyone in distress. For many years he was Rector of St. Nicholas at Great Yarmouth, and was there as much beloved as he was afterwards in Bury.

Just at this time there was a little uncertainty as to whether I should complete my studies in Vienna, or at the Royal Academy of Music. Curiously enough, my two godfathers played an important part in this episode of my life. Lindley, the celebrated violoncello player, was ready to help me materially in London, while my other godfather, Mr. C. V. Incledon, son of the famous singer of that name, who resided in Vienna, was greatly in favour of giving me a Continental education. To this I was personally inclined; naturally enough, a foreign land had greater attractions for me, and, as I had acquired a moderate facility in speaking German, one of the obstacles was removed.

I kept up a correspondence with Mr. Incledon on the subject, and here I may as well take a few extracts from his letters. He remarks that it would be unwise to contemplate, at a future date, teaching in Vienna, as professors there were as "abundant as gooseberries," while the fees were far less than in England. Mr. Incledon wrote this in the year 1850:—"The most talented theorist, Sechter, master of Dragonetti," (of whom I shall have to write later on), "Thalberg, and De Beriot, receive about three shillings for the hour; and Derfel, a man of considerable talent, has not even

one pupil." In speaking of the country, he goes on to say that nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery throughout Austria, while the air is so invigorating that he, a comparatively old man, frequently walks between thirty and forty miles a day, and afterwards enjoys the opera, of which he speaks most favourably. The band, he thinks, can hardly be surpassed, if even equalled. Then he adds that Vienna is a very expensive city to live in, even with moderate desires.

This last clause, I think, when I consulted my father, dashed my hopes to the ground. It was finally decided that I should enter the Royal Academy. Accordingly, his very great friend Vincent Novello (head of the firm of Novello and Co.) was consulted, and he asked to hear me play. I went to London for this purpose, and played Beethoven's sonata known as "The Funeral March."

This was my second visit to the Metropolis, however, and something must needs be said of my first visit, which was more to my taste. I accompanied my father, and we stayed at an hotel, kept by an Italian, partly, or perhaps solely, on account of it being daily visited by Dragonetti. It was more convenient to meet him here than to climb numberless stairs to the fourth floor room in Leicester Square, which he occupied. Ah! that room

—garret I should call it. I see it now, very small, certainly not adapted to the accommodation of three or four double basses.

Speaking of double basses, and their size, reminds me, by the way, of a somewhat curious incident. A friend of mine in Stowmarket, who has a very valuable collection of violins and other instruments, was anxious to add a double bass to his collection, and, seeing an excellent instrument in London, asked the price. The reply was, "Eighty guineas." My friend left the shop with the remark, "I'll think it over." A day or two after, an American wanted an instrument of some kind to take back across the Atlantic, and he said—I think it was to Hill or Hart—"I must have something large." "Here is the very thing," said Hill, showing him the double bass. "And the price?" said our American cousin. "Three hundred guineas," was the reply. "All right," said Jonathan, "pack it up, and forward it to my hotel." He paid for it on the spot, and so my friend lost his chance.

But to return to the hotel at which we stayed, called Bertolini's Hotel. What we should think, in these modern days of luxury, of such accommodation as we had there, I can hardly imagine. The experience, how-

ever, was amusing enough. I think we were the only English there—at least I hope so. The gesticulations of the company over their wine; their passionate excitability, so easily aroused that the stilletto was almost drawn over a game of dominoes; their dress so shabby, yet withal some of them so handsome,—all this I vividly recollect, as also how deeply I regretted my ignorance of Italian.

The appearance of Dragonetti's own "den" corresponded with his extraordinary character. On the floor, I remember, there was almost every kind of toy, including six full-size dolls, one black. This reminds me that, while staying at our house in the churchyard, and sitting next to my sister at dinner, he said to her, "You are very like my 'Blackie.'" A few days after, down came a huge case, containing this said "Blackie," which was a full life-size black doll. On one occasion he opened an old chest, and with a large knife cut off, regardless of size or shape, enough silk for several handkerchiefs. When staying with us, my father observed in the morning that the can of hot water was not taken in. After permission to enter the room, he found that Dragonetti had not risen, and had slept in full dress, making a point of putting on all his jewellery. When his attention was

called to the neglected hot water, he said, "I never vash!" It is to be hoped that he meant to add, "in warm water." With regard to such a man, whose portrait appears here, we can only arrive at one conclusion, namely, that, kind as he was, he was more than eccentric.

Dragonetti's marvellous powers as a double bass player may be imagined when it is related that Paganini challenged him to play the second part of a violin duet with him, but on the double bass. This was Dragonetti's reply: "Write one, of any difficulty, and I consent to play it with you." And he did!

Of his liberality I had very many proofs. He gave me a very good violoncello, which, as if to illustrate the character of the donor, was one day "cracked" to pieces. It was resting on the floor of the concert room at the Academy, and on that day Thomas, the harpist, was to rehearse one of his compositions. The porter let fall the harp, and it fell on my 'cello. The harp escaped with few bruises, but my 'cello sustained serious injuries, including broken ribs and a dislocated neck. Some physician took it in hand, and returned it to me "safe and sound;" but the sound was never safe again.

During this, my first visit to London, I heard Spohr,

SIGNOR DRAGONETTI.

Ernst, Molique, and Blagrove in a violin quartette at the Philharmonic. It has been said that Blagrove was almost the only violinist who never played out of tune, whereas Ernst, on account of his nervous temperament, frequently did. On a subsequent visit to London, it was my good fortune to hear J. B. Cramer's farewell performance on the piano at the Hanover Square Rooms, on his retiring from the profession, my father turning over for him. I suppose no Studies have been so much appreciated, both in this country, and in every Conservatoire on the Continent, as the so-called Cramer Studies.

When of late I have visited London, I have been astonished at its present magnitude, and at the enormous changes that have occurred. It is now, as it has been well remarked, "a city of palaces." Many features that were familiar to me as a boy have disappeared. In this connection, I remember having read somewhere that an old gentleman, who died at the age of ninety, avowed that the best glass used for carriage windows was made by someone living in Smithfield. The windows were so celebrated for their transparency, that when hackney coaches were no longer used, opticians bought the best of the old windows for the purpose of grinding them into spectacles.

Since these records of my early life were penned, I have received an interesting leaflet, which illustrates very quaintly the contrast between old times and those in which we live. The paper explains itself, and I give it in extenso:—

"My father's first engagement at Birmingham when he was eighteen years of age. He was then a Student at the Royal Academy of Music, and playing in the Orchestra of the Opera at His Majesty's Theatre. The letter was addressed to his father, Mr. A. Lucas, Catherine Street, Salisbury."

STANLEY LUCAS.

London, October 9th, 1826.

DEAR FATHER,

I set off for Birmingham last Saturday week in company with Oury, De Beriot, Puzzi, and Ella. We arrived about nine in the evening, and it happened to be the last night of the Fair there, and we amused ourselves by seeing the shows, which Beriot enjoyed very much, not having seen anything of the kind in England before. We put up at "The Swan" Hotel

that night, but the next day we went to "The Fountain," a very comfortable house, where were Harper, Dragonetti, and a few others; it is about such another house as "The Maidenhead," at Salisbury. We had a large party there to dinner every day, viz.: J. B. Cramer, Nicholson, Daniell, Dragonetti, Mackintosh and son, Sherington, Harper, Oury, Beriot, and several others.

We began rehearsing Monday morning, hard at it again in the evening and Tuesday morning. The performances were very long, but both the church and theatre were always full. De Beriot pleased very much. I played next W. Lindley. Dr. Camidge of York was there; he asked me if I should like to go to York the next meeting, and a person from Worcester asked me for my address, and said he would speak to Mr. Clarke about my going next year.

I was heartily glad when the concern was over; it is the first meeting I have been at, I did not know the pleasure of one before.

I had nearly forgot to mention I had an accident going down; my bass (not the best) fell off the coach through the negligence of some porter unpacking some luggage; it knocked the finger-board off. Mr. Fletcher did it and lent me a bass for the rehearsal on the Monday; it did

not hurt it anywhere else, which was very lucky. I left Birmingham Saturday morning at six, and returned by way of Oxford to London; I arrived about nine in the evening. I went by way of Coventry, etc. Birmingham is a very large place, but smoky and unpleasant. It cannot be called country nor London. Both the church and theatre were very bad for sound.

Now for the catalogue of expenses:—

	£	s.	d.
Saturday, coach fare, hackney coach, breakfast, dinner, coachmen and guards, and shows at the fair	2	0	0
Saturday night and Sunday at "The Swan"		10	6
From Sunday night to Saturday morning at "The Fountain," including everything	2	10	0
Saturday, coach fare, &c., &c.	1	18	0
Actual expense at Birmingham	6	18	6
I treated myself with a dressing box, very neat,	3	7	0
and two boxes of medals for whist markers		1	0
In hand	4	7	6
	14	14	0
In addition to this I bought a knife, and for one of our boys		6	0
Which exactly makes the I received of Mr. Moore.	15	0	0

I gave my uncle the ten pounds, and I bought two vinegarets for Betsy and Maria out of some money I had by me, which had nothing to do with the engagement money, so with all expenses, &c., &c., I have brought home £4 7s. 6d. clear.

I remain,

Yours truly,

C. LUCAS.

MY ACADEMY CAREER.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORDEAL OF ADMISSION—PRACTISING UNDER DIFFICULTIES — REHEARSAL DAYS — MY MASTERS — A MEMORY OF PROFESSOR OWEN.

My admission into the Academy was a tremendous ordeal. I had to appear in the Committee Room, there to confront the Examiners. Cipriani Potter, then President of the Institution, Sterndale Bennett, and others, including, if I remember rightly, the Earl of Westmoreland (who at that time was Chairman of the Committee) were also present. I need hardly state that I was dreadfully nervous. However, after hearing my performance of a Sonata and a Cramer Study, the Examiners appeared satisfied, and I was informed, shortly after, that I had been admitted as a student of that Royal Institution. My residence there was a period of my life fraught with great musical advantages, the

formation of many friendships, and amusing experiences.

Before proceeding further, I may say that, in the very first number of "The Strand Musical Magazine," there is an article upon "The Royal Academy of Music," from the pen of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the Principal, and that, by the courtesy of the publishers (George Newnes, Limited), I have been allowed to produce two or three interesting illustrations, including "The Entrance Hall," and the punning Round composed by Dr. Crotch.

Availing myself of the permission which has been kindly given by the publishers, I make the following extracts from Dr. Mackenzie's article in that periodical:—

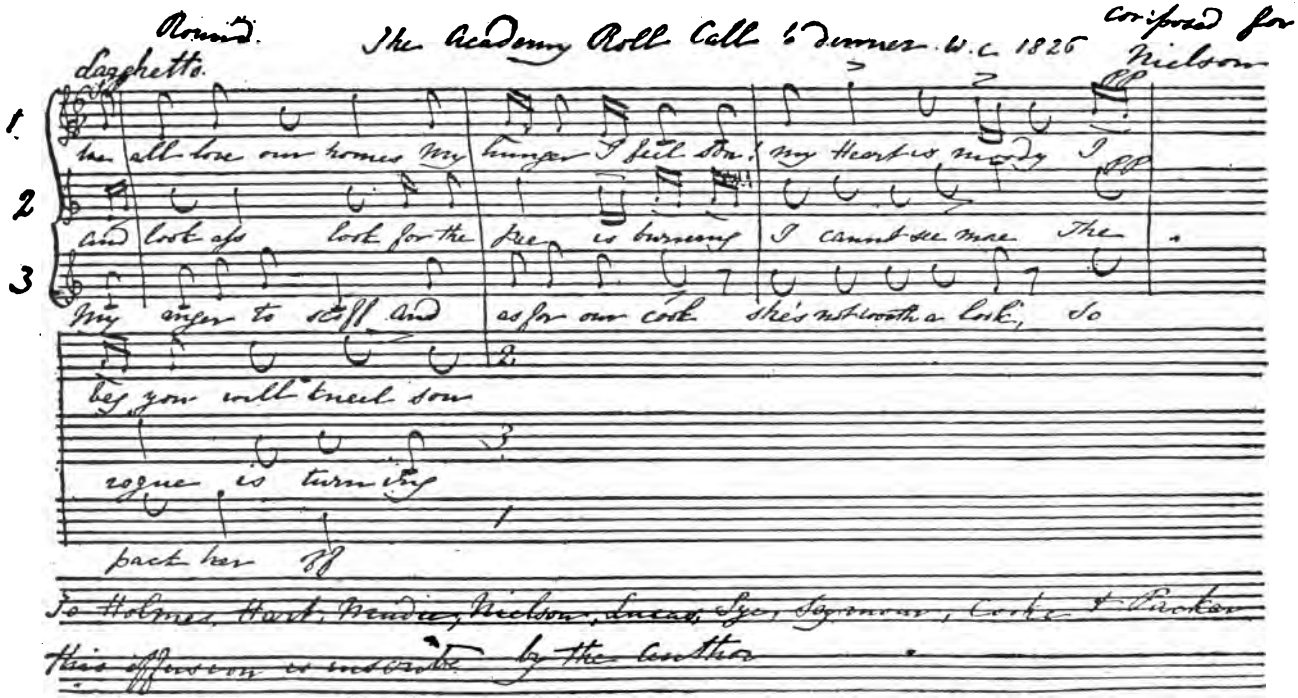
Hidden away in a singularly quiet nook, within a stone's throw of Oxford Circus, the centre of the busiest and noisiest city in the world, stands the nursery of a very large proportion of English musicians, the school which for over 70 years has quietly and unobtrusively laboured to educate and improve the musical taste of the country, and at regular periods has set the result of its labours without comment before the world. Yet how many of that world know clearly where it is, or are aware that for a merely nominal subscription they may visit it any Tuesday afternoon during term-time, and

listen to performances of vocal and instrumental music always of an extremely interesting character—often, too, of a high degree of excellence. In the early part of this century several futile attempts were made to found a training school for professional musicians. One of these schemes fostered by the Philharmonic Society, was apparently approaching fruition, when, on July 4th, 1822, an event occurred which took out of the hands of these professional musicians, whose duty it should and might have been, the opportunity of founding a national school for the promotion of their art. This event was a meeting of certain distinguished noblemen and gentlemen (convened by Lord Burghersh) at the "Thatched House" Tavern, with a view to founding such an institution under the protecting ægis of Royalty. The scheme speedily took shape, and, despite some opposition, the Royal Academy of Music was created, with the King for principal patron, and 25 influential noblemen for directors.

At first it was intended to rely entirely upon public subscriptions for support, but this was found to be impracticable. Before the year was out, however, sufficient funds had been collected—some £5,000—to make a start with. A house was taken, and in March, 1823,

the Royal and National Institution was opened to receive an interesting body of twenty-one students, eleven male and ten female, most of whom afterwards became distinguished members of the musical profession. It is curious and interesting to know that the boy who received the very first lesson in the Royal Academy, seventy-two years ago—Kellow John Pye—is still alive and hale, and was prevented only by distance from being present at the Commemoration Concert given on the 17th May last.

The chosen abode of the muse was Lord Carnarvon's town house, No. 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, a historic edifice, which was specially guarded by a cordon of soldiers on the occasion of the Gordon riots. Though now much altered, to meet the needs of a music school, there yet remain many evidences of former splendour, in some of the carved doors and fireplaces, massive bookcases, etc. At first, the students were boarded and lodged in the place, and the accounts of their life and doings, which have come down to us, are very curious and interesting. Dr. Crotch, a fine old musician, now nearly forgotten, was the first Principal, and that he knew how to temper dignity with occasional geniality, the following autograph will prove. It is a Round or Canon, the words being a string of


Round.
The Academy Roll Call Dinner. W.C. 1826
Composed for
Nielson
Laghetto.
1.
2
3
be all love our homes My hunger I feel Sir. my Heart is merry I
and look ab look for the fire is burning I cannot see mae The
My anger to stiff and as for our cook she's not worth a Look, So
boy you will treat son
rogue is turning
back her
To Holmes, Hart, Bendix, Nielson, Lucas, Sye, Sigismund, Cooke & Crotch
This offerson is inscribed by the Author

By Dr. Crotch.

puns on the names of the principal male students.

The Academy student of seventy years ago, then aged between ten and fifteen, having been accepted, after a terrible examination, by six noble Committee men and thirteen Professors, was handed over to the care of a worthy clergyman, or matron (according to sex), subjected to the most adamantine form of discipline, allowed but six weeks' holiday per annum, and, if he failed to return on the appointed day, was summarily expelled. The same extreme punishment was inflicted for the smallest breach of the stern code of rules. The boys had to wear blue swallow-tail coats and caps, with the "Academy button," the girls high-waisted white frocks and "no curls." The latter seem to have been orderly, not to say meek, specimens of their sex, the only record of frivolity being the complaint of their looking out of the back windows (which were promptly ordered to be painted), and their receiving *billet doux* through the venal hall porter (who was summarily dismissed), But the boys revenged themselves for the discipline by many mad pranks. The worthy tutor was supposed to supervise their practice, but they quickly discovered that he was completely ignorant of music, and so used to play a choice assortment of Indian scales with the gravest

earnestness, whenever he came round. Again, when he left the building, they would collect trombones and bassoons, and perform a hideous charivari at the open front windows, and, when the members of the Oriental Club opposite sent over to complain, they would sit with folded arms till "the reverend" returned, and complain pathetically of the hardship it was to have their practice stopped. They bombarded the passers-by with candles, which were served out to them impartially in equal quantities, summer and winter; they threw notes over the wall which divided their playground from that of the ladies, and once, driven to desperation by frequent "Fast Days," they rebelled against the food, tied their janitor in his chair, stormed the larder, and regaled themselves on the provisions found there, and with porter obtained from a neighbouring tavern. But dire punishment was meted out to those lawless spirits. With all this, they *worked*, in some respects, perhaps, under harder conditions than their modern successors; for it must be remembered that they had to practice with pianos side by side, and back to back, and write their harmony exercises all together in the same room, a veritable pandemonium, such as would dismay the student of to-day.

Amongst the famous students of these earlier years we may name Fanny Dickens (sister of the eminent novelist), Miss Rivière (afterwards Madame Henry Bishop), Miss A. Childe, Sterndale Bennett (afterwards Principal), G. A. Macfarren (afterwards Principal), John Hullah, Henry Blagrove, W. H. Holmes, Charles Lucas (afterwards Principal), and of those who came after W. Dorrell, E. Seguin.

At the time of which I am writing, there were both indoor and outdoor students. The building itself disappointed me, I think. The position in Tenterden Street was not imposing—the adjacent Hanover Square seemed a more fitting situation. It may not be devoid of interest, however, if I give an outline of the house. The entrance hall was not large; the female as well as the male students had to pass through it, the former ascending the "grand staircase," the latter turning to the right up another staircase not worthy of being called one, since it was very narrow and dark. We all met on this "grand staircase" on our way to the concert room on rehearsal days—Tuesdays and Fridays.

With regard to the provision made in other respects for students, I can only speak, of course, of our side of

From a Photograph by F. T. Beeson.

The Staircase of the Royal Academy of Music.

the house. On the second and third floors there were various rooms—very small, and divided by thin partitions —in which we practised and slept. Practising under these circumstances was at first very confusing. Near me on one side there was located a student whose principal study was the horn. He was one of the sons, by the way, of the celebrated Tom Harper, whose obbligato to "Let the bright seraphim" has never, I suppose, been equalled. On the other side of me was a double bass player, so that between the shrill tones of the one instrument, and the zoological drones of the other, I was for a long time quite uncertain (except for the movement of my fingers) whether I was playing at all. The advantage was that wrong notes, of which I am afraid there were many, were as effective as right notes. It is astonishing how soon the ear becomes accustomed, however, even to such a medley of sound.

Rehearsal days were always looked forward to with great pleasure. Then we tried over various compositions of the students, and as the band consisted of present and former pupils, the excellence of the one dispelled to a great extent the deficiencies of the other. It was my privilege to play the 'cello off the same stand as the renowned double bass player, Mr. Howell. I can say

"renowned" on authority, because Dragonetti used to affirm that "De boy Howell vill vear my shoes." Lucas (who succeeded Lindley at the Opera House as principal 'cello) was our conductor, and amongst the band were the Harpers, Standen, Horton, Lazarus, Clinton, and Chipp the senior at the drums. It was no small advantage to become associated with players of such acknowledged talent, as well as to enjoy the privilege of cultivating their personal acquaintance. To have even once had the opportunity of wielding the bâton to such men as these is a circumstance of which I am still proud. The female students were present to assist in the chorus work. Lucas, as conductor, was patient, yet severe, and occasionally satirical. Once he remarked to a 'cello player (not adding thereby to the efficiency of some difficult passage), "When did you last tune your instrument?"

My Master for the Piano was W. H. Holmes. He was a fine executant, and, with Sterndale Bennett and Dorrell, Kello Pye—and I think Barnett—was one of the first pupils of the Institution. Holmes had an enormous practice; he was so busy that his servant generally met him at a certain lamp-post, and supplied him with lunch, which he would consume *en route* to his

next appointment. In connection with the names I have now mentioned, little did I dream then that Sterndale Bennett's career would culminate in the honour of a funeral at Westminster Abbey.

For the 'cello I had Lucas for my Master, and Lovell Phillips; for the Voice, Crivelli, Schira, and Ferrari. It may be asked—"Why all these?" One answer is that we were allowed to apply for a change of master if we wished. Signor Ferrari often gave the lessons for Crivelli. Under both, it did not seem to me that I was making satisfactory progress, so I applied for Schira's lessons, which were granted me. After hearing me several times, he examined my throat, and said, "Unless you have the tonsils removed, there is little chance of success." Acting on this opinion, I consulted an eminent surgeon, Mr. White Cooper, who lived near, and he performed the operation, to my great comfort afterwards (not at the time, though!) Consequently, I was better able to derive benefit from my lessons.

I was occasionally invited to a Musical Evening at Mr. White-Cooper's, and at one of these meetings a vocal duet charmed me. The voices blended most beautifully, though there was such a lack of power that the effect rather resembled the singing of two small birds. I was

told afterwards that the vocalists were Professor Owen, the great anatomist, and his wife. How unassuming they were—which perhaps lent a charm to it all.

For Italian lessons Signor Maggioni came twice weekly. Although I never became fluent in conversation, the knowledge of the language has been of great value since in giving lessons in singing.

One of my most intimate friends in Tenterden Street was William Turner, a favourite pupil of Sterndale Bennett. Our feelings of mutual regard were enhanced by the fact that he saved me from being drowned in the Serpentine. He was a youth of very great promise, but his career was cut short—to the great grief of his master and all his friends—by catching a cold, which developed into rapid consumption. He was a brother of Mr. Bradbury Turner, who is now so closely associated with Trinity College, London.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT CONCERT GIVING—DAILY LIFE AT THE ACADEMY—THE FARE AND OUR ADDED LUXURIES—FAMOUS CONTEMPORARY STUDENTS—LINDLEY AND THE PARROT—DEATH OF DRAGONETTI.

Once a year in those days a ball was given by the students to all the Professors and their friends. The ball was succeeded by a short concert, and in 1848 I was secretary and general manager. The responsibility was rather an anxiety. The inviting of 200 guests, the arrangements of the concert, and other details connected therewith, involved no little thought and time. At the concert I played one of Bach's pedal fugues, the pedal part being played on the double bass by a fellow-student, George E. Mount, well known in later days as a conductor. These fugues were arranged in this way by Dragonetti. The Principal, Cipriani Potter, compli-

mented us. This was no small praise, and a great encouragement to further exertion in our studies.

The continual fear we had of seeing the critic of *The Times* (Mr. Davison) or *The Athenæum* (Mr. Chorley) enter the room, added much to our nervousness on these occasions. Mr. Chorley was said to be crotchety, but fair as a critic. Davison was one of a family with interesting associations. His mother used to play in the Twenties at the Haymarket with Liston; her eldest son James, I believe—who was unfortunately lame, from a fall in infancy—married Arabella Goddard.

Before the periodical Students' Concerts, which took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, several of us would start as early as four o'clock to Covent Garden, to purchase bouquets for some of the students on the opposite side of the house. I am not quite sure now, but I think that this piece of gallantry was against the rules. Still, it was done. None but those who have visited the flower market at these early hours can form the faintest idea of the magnificent display of colour and of the delicious perfume. We returned with our purchases, and anxiously awaited the concert, when we should again gaze upon our gifts in the hands of those for whom they were intended.

We had a Captain Bontein as superintendent, whose duty it was to come round at stated intervals to see that we were all at our various studies. Unwisely, he made a point of visiting us at a fixed time—a rule much approved of by those who were not industrious. At the hour when he was expected, scales and exercises would be in full play, only to be relinquished, by some, as soon as he had vanished. One of the rules was, that on going out, we should make an entry in the book at the porter's lodge, stating where we could be found, and the hour at which we should probably return. Now, the Captain, as we always called him, had to read prayers; he did me the honour of appointing me his "chaplain," to officiate in his absence—I could never discover why—but in consideration of this honour I was exempt from signing the book of departure or return. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the knowledge that I was seldom away from the Institution, except to go to the Opera, which was considered an important part of our musical education.

The theatres were not so much to my taste. I have seen Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, Robson, Miss Cushman, Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, the Keeleys, and others; but this did not involve more than a few visits. This was partly because I preferred the Opera,

and partly because my finances, which were limited, did not admit of it.

Of my compositions during my career at the Academy I can say but little. Beyond several songs, canons, and fugues, written for my master, Mr. Lucas, I did not attempt much. I remember feeling elated when some of them were sung by the students at the concerts, but Mr. Lucas was a great advocate of counterpoint, which I studied under Cipriani Potter (the greatest contrapuntist of the day), so that little time was left for the composition of any large work. Some of the students made this branch their especial study, amongst them Dr. Steggall, John Francis Barnett, Kate Loder, and Miss Macironi, and others.

The fare at the Academy was not of the very best, and we added to it various "luxuries" at our own expense. Thus it came about that I had my first experience in the art of cookery. It was limited to the boiling process, and was accomplished by tying a cord—not a "chord," as I wrote inadvertently at first—between my bed and my piano, and attaching to it a spirit lamp and kettle, saucepan, etc. Without unduly boasting of the result, I have never since tasted a "Welsh rabbit" which was at all equal in flavour to that product of my own.

We all dined together on Sundays, the never varying menu being roast beef and plum pudding—the one often tough, the other not celebrated for an overdose of plums! Nowhere have I had such an appetite as in London, however, so that these minor defects had but little influence in spoiling our relish for that which was set before us.

It will hardly astonish my readers to learn that matrimonial alliances were the rule rather than the exception, brought together as the students were—meeting daily in the common entrance hall, at Rehearsals and Concerts, and not infrequently elsewhere (contrary to the rules, I am afraid). Those who studied at the same time with me, as indoor pupils, were Charles Harper, horn-player; Hill, the violinist, afterwards at the head of the Guildhall School of Music; Whitehead Smith, organist of Wimborne Minster; Geo. Mount; Reeves, a brother of Sims Reeves; Gilbert, father of the now eminent sculptor; Wells (flute), and many others whose subsequent career is unknown to me. They, like myself, were left to work their way in the provinces. We were all very jolly together. Now and then we got into sad disgrace with the members of a club opposite, by reflecting with a mirror a strong ray of light upon them as

they sat reading their daily paper; but on the whole, I may say we behaved fairly well.

On Sundays I frequently passed some hours with Lindley, he invariably playing the scales which he thought so important. He was a terrible stammerer, and was, I verily believe, the hero of that parrot story which I have heard many times. He asked the seller of a parrot "if the b-b-b-ird c-c-c-c-ould t-t-talk?" The reply, "Much better than you can, sir, or I'd wring its neck." When on one of his visits to Bury, an accident happened to the coach, and his violoncello came to the ground, smash. He took the instrument out of its case, sat down on a mile stone, and after trying all the strings, exclaimed joyously, "A-a-a-ll R-i-i-i-ght."

Sterndale Bennett's concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms were always anticipated with much pleasure, and, as he was then a Professor at the Academy, it was thought incumbent upon us all to attend them. It was on the first of these occasions that I heard Parish-Alvars, the great harpist. Bennett's playing of his "Three Musical Sketches" amply repaid us, and it was amusing to note how we all, immediately and vigorously, set to work to study them. "The Millstream" was a stumbling block to most of us, and it was universally

My Godfather, Robert Lindley.

admitted that any composition from his pen was far from easy. Even now, I am of the same opinion.

About this time Dragonetti died at the advanced age of over ninety. For fifty years he and Lindley played off the same desk at the Opera House, and on their entry to the orchestra, the whole house would rise *en masse*. At this period, the opera was always followed by the ballet, and these two players were the only members who were allowed to leave after the opera. I attended Dragonetti's funeral at Moorfields, walking by the side of Lablache—an amusing contrast to lookers on, he so immense, I so small!

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS — MEMORIES OF GRISI, MARIO, LABLACHE, AND OTHERS — THE KEELEYS—FAMOUS CONCERTS—JENNY LIND.

I availed myself of every opportunity of attending the Philharmonic Concerts, conducted by Costa. On the 30th of May, 1844, I heard Mrs. Anderson, who taught all the Royal Family; as a pianiste she ranked very high. On the same evening I heard Piatti for the first time. The Misses Williams were then at the full zenith of their popularity. As sisters, their voices blended perfectly, and their duets were faultless. It was at one of these concerts I first heard them; and also Sainton on the violin. Sainton shortly afterwards became one of the Professors at the Academy, and was to the end of his career an universal favourite. At one of John Parry's concerts, the artists were, besides himself—Miss

M. B. Hawes, of whom I have spoken in an earlier chapter; Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby (afterwards Madame Sainton-Dolby, Pischek, and Lazarus—a goodly company indeed. On the 4th of June, I was present at the Opera House to hear "Don Giovanni," with Grisi, Mario, Persiani, and Lablache, Costa conducting. Surely such a caste as this has never been excelled. I never partake of macaroni now without thinking of Lablache as Leporello enjoying his in the opera! This performance was followed by the ballet of "Ondine," Carlotta Grisi delighting everyone. A remarkable series of concerts took place at this time. On June 6th, "Stradella" was given at the Opera House, Carlotta Grisi again appearing in the ballet. In 1845 Carlotta Grisi was one of the famous quartet dancers who took part in the celebrated *pas de quatre*, a *tour de force* which, it was rightly prophesied, would be the culminating point of operatic ballet dancing in England, and would commence the period of the decadence of the ballet. Indeed, the *pas de quatre*, as danced by Carlotta Grisi, Taglioni, Cerito, and Lucille Grahn, each part for each dancer being happily balanced so that none had the advantage of the other, was the sensation of the London season. On the 15th, Madame Dulcken and Vieuxtemps appeared

at the Philharmonic Concert. Madame Dulcken's hands surprised me; they were so small that she could scarcely span an octave. This is encouraging to those who are not gifted with long fingers. Vieuxtemps played splendidly. On the 29th, Madame Pleyel, at the Philharmonic, rendered Weber's Concert Stück to perfection; the speed with which the took the last movement was marvellous. Sivori on the violin won enormous applause. His long hair and brilliant black eyes gave me some idea of Paganini, as I had pictured the "wizard" in imagination. On February 20th, Sanchioli and Gardoni appeared in the opera of "La Favorita," with Paul Taglioni in the ballet "Coralia."

Of Weber, to whom incidental reference has been made, I possess an interesting relic. It is a lock of his hair, which was cut off by his great admirer and friend, Sir George Smart, who had it framed, and sent it to my father. It descended to me, and needless to say, I value it very much.

In 1847, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Keeley (better known as Mary Keeley) in "The Battle of Life." This famous actress was born in Ipswich, where she made her first appearance under her maiden name of Goward. She returned to the place of her birth at the age of 86

years, in order to open the new Lyceum, and spoke some appropriate lines with her usual dramatic power and beauty of voice. Since these words were written, Mrs. Keeley has passed away at the great age of 94 years. Her husband was an excellent actor: I have heard it said that his *Peter*, in "Romeo and Juliet," never failed to "bring down the house."

With customary thoughtfulness, the Queen telegraphed instructions to Col. Collins, C.B., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Keeley as Her Majesty's representative, and to place a wreath upon the coffin "from the Queen." The message, unfortunately, did not reach Col. Collins, who was abroad, until after the lamented lady was buried. But nevertheless the gracious intention will be keenly appreciated by the members of the family.

To resume my reminiscences of famous concerts: at this time Mr. Lucas gave Quartette Concerts in the Beethoven Rooms. At one of these I first heard Joachim play. He was then twelve years old only, but his execution on the violin surprised me as much then as it has done since. As a rule, the four performers were Sainton, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas, and on one occasion a quintette was given with the addition of Howell. These evenings were to us, as students, full of

By kind permission of HUGH TURNER, ESQ.

Mrs. Keeley as "Smike" in Nicholas Nickleby.

instructive interest. It may be noted here that Joachim, who has recently celebrated his diamond jubilee as a musician, became a violinist by accident, as it were. When he was five years old his mother bought him a toy fiddle at a fair; at eight years of age he made his first public appearance, and almost at once his fame as an infant prodigy was established throughout musical Europe. In 1843 Mendelssohn wrote in a private letter: "Last week arrived here (Leipsic) a delightful little Hungarian boy called Joachim, who is such an able violinist that Ferdinand David can teach him nothing. Moreover, he is so sensible a lad that he travelled alone by train, put up at an hotel, and is at this youthful age already quite self-possessed."

It was in 1847 that Persiani appeared as *Lucia* and Salvi as *Edgardo* in Donizetti's opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor." The flexibility of Persiani's voice was wonderful. Curiously enough, when once she commenced a little too sharp, the same faulty intonation continued all through the evening; but, in spite of this, it was a voice that in every other respect was most fascinating. In March of this year, Henry Phillips sang in London, and at the same concert Kate Loder played Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto. It may be mentioned

here that, at a Philharmonic concert on May 29th, 1848, the famous pianoforte maker, Broadwood, made Miss Loder a present of the piano on which she had played. I may add, with some satisfaction, that this lady was born in Suffolk, and afterwards married Sir Henry Thompson, a Suffolk man. When a pupil at the Academy, she seemed at first to show no particular talent for composition; but later on this impression was reversed, as her Trio in D Minor must always bear witness. Miss Loder in a great measure succeeded Mrs. Anderson as the teacher of many of the Royal family.

In May Jenny Lind made her first appearance in "Robert le Diable." It was my good fortune to listen to this very great success, as it was also to be present at her last appearance. On the first occasion, I was at the doors of the Opera House as early as four o'clock! The crowd was so great that vehicular traffic was completely blocked in the Haymarket, and many fainted without the least chance of being able to be removed. It was a memorable evening. Of this sweet singer I saw a good deal, as will appear later.

Speaking of the crush in the Haymarket, I have heard the question asked—What was the origin of the name "Haymarket"? as applied to such a densely built-over

Mlle Jenny Lind
By Joseph Durham A.R.A.
1849

part of London. The explanation is that in the Georgian era the description was literally accurate. A hay market was held here once a week or oftener, and the entrances were blocked with loads of hay, the carts and waggons remaining for hours.

Then there were "The Ancient Concerts," at which the Queen and Prince Albert were often present. At one of them, on the 5th of May, I heard Alboni, whose compass of voice was so extensive that she could take the rôle of soprano with the same success as that of contralto. At the next of these concerts I was playing the 'cello in the orchestra. The Queen Dowager was there, and, from my position in the band, I could see that Her Majesty was a keen listener and an ardent admirer of the music. During this month, I again attended the Philharmonic concerts, and there heard Joachim, Dorus Gras, and Miss Dolby—a contralto of whom the Royal Academy might justly be proud.

In October the Jullien Concerts were announced. To see Jullien, with his enthusiastic conducting, was almost sufficient amusement; but the spirited music, of a kind to captivate the general public, the Post Horn Galop, the cornet playing of Herr Kœnig and Sivori's violin playing, were items of a programme which was admitted,

on all sides to be well worth the small entrance fee of one shilling.

At the close of this year (1847), Dorus Gras and Sims Reeves appeared in "Lucia." On the 17th of December the Mendelssohn Scholarship was competed for at the Academy; and Miss Watkins and Master Cusins, afterwards conductor of the Philharmonic, were elected. In 1848, amongst those whom I heard were Thalberg, Molique (who was afterwards my master in Harmony), and Sainton.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ORCHESTRA AT COVENT GARDEN, FOR ONCE!—COSTA AS CONDUCTOR—JENNY LIND'S FAREWELL—RETURNING HOMEWARDS.

Once, and once only, did I play in the orchestra at Covent Garden. The welcome, yet half-dreaded opportunity came when Horatio Chipp, one of the 'cellists, was invalided, and I, as his deputy, had to take his place. Costa was conducting; everybody had heard of his severity as well as his kindness; and it was with no little trepidation that I took my place amongst such a band of executants. Even now I seem to see Costa's eye glancing at this stray sheep. The opera was "Anna Bolena." The rehearsal began at ten a.m., and was not over till four p.m.! How often since then have I remarked upon the amazing difference between a band of professionals and one of amateurs. I have not

seldom been amused at the distorted features of the latter, if a practice should continue a fourth of the time we then occupied, and I have known some performers to show signs of rebellion when called upon to rehearse a passage more than twice or thrice. I remember once asking some ladies, who had promised to sing a duet at a concert, what they had selected. The reply was, "Oh! we never know till we get there! We never try them over!" I need hardly add they were truly amateurs. But to return to "Anna Bolena." At eight o'clock punctually, we heard Costa's signal of attention. The first act to the best of my recollection was two hours in length, so that the strain was rather (to a novice) excessive; but the enjoyment of the whole thing compensated for all the anxiety, and I sincerely hoped—unkindly, it will be said—that my friend Mr. Chipp might not hurry to get well; but in this I was disappointed, and Covent Garden orchestra saw me no more.

Of the various conductors I have seen, none, in my opinion, at all equalled Costa. I was present when Wallace conducted "Maritana" for the first time, with Harrison singing "When other lips," and Miss Pyne "Scenes that are brightest"; when Meyerbeer (also for a first time) conducted "Les Hugenots," and Mario's

Raoul electrified us all; I have seen Sterndale Bennett, Lucas, Arditi, Manns, at the Crystal Palace, and various others—but Costa's bâton had a magnetic power that I thought was denied in a measure to other conductors.

In July, my master (W. H. Holmes) gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, and once more I was in a trembling state. I was to play Mayseder's Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, with Symonds and Aylward, and one of my fellow students advised me to wash my fingers in oil. I did so, and found it efficacious; it certainly added to the flexibility of the finger joints. This, and a glass of sherry (perhaps two!), carried me through with satisfaction to my master, which was all I really cared for.

My Sundays in the Academy were not interesting, except when at the organ in Hanover Chapel, Regent Street—a building no longer existing. Mr. Lucas was the organist, and occasionally I was his deputy; the choir was formed of the students of the Academy.

One other event in this year interested me. Jenny Lind was engaged to sing in "Elijah" at Exeter Hall, and six of the students were selected to assist in the chorus, I being one. We were charmed with Jenny Lind's patience in the rehearsal.

In 1849 the Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens) invited

many of the students to a soirée. I must confess that I, with many others not invited, felt a little envious, especially when at breakfast the next morning we were told of the brilliancy of the reception. However, I was glad not to be disturbed in my practice, as I had to play the following day at one of the Royal Academy concerts, in Spohr's piano quintette.

The 10th of March was Jenny Lind's farewell. She appeared in "Robert le Diable," supported by Gardoni, and Billetti. As I have already said, the crowd at the entrance to the Theatre was an unmistakable evidence of her popularity, but the suffering of any amount of inconvenience (and it was truly great) was forgotten when once the performance began. Let me here say, that great as Jenny Lind undoubtedly was in "Robert," I experienced more pleasure in witnessing her performance of "La Figlia." The part seemed to suit her simple character, and when she came tripping on to the stage, beating the drum, the audience were always roused to enthusiasm. No vocalist ever excited more love and admiration. Once, at an "At Home," she carried an exquisite bouquet, and at her departure every flower was given away to ardent admirers, while even the fallen leaves were scrambled for.

On the 12th March I heard Neruda (then at the age of ten). With her, as with Joachim, my impression now is that her performance was as truly artistic then as I have thought it in later years. At a concert at Bury, by the way, while walking from the "Angel" Hotel to the Athenæum, I offered to carry her violin. In acceding to my request, she said, "You are the only person I have allowed to carry my instrument." I'm afraid I was tempted to think that the speech was complimentary only.

Mme. Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé) was born at Brunn, in Moravia, and at a very early age gave evidence of those talents which have distinguished her in later years. She made her first appearance in public at the age of six years, and is another contradiction of the theory that the infant prodigy is cultivated at the expense of maturer genius. Her father was in the musical profession, and by her two marriages she still more closely associated herself with the profession to which she belongs. In 1864 she married Ludwig Norman, and five years later came to England, where she settled. In 1888 she was married to the late Sir Charles Hallé.

During the vacation, while in Bury, an excellent concert was given by my father. The artistes were

Charles Braham, Sontag, Calzolari, Billetti, Lablache, and Thalberg. Shortly afterwards, we were invited to take part in a musical soirée, at Combs—a village not far from Stowmarket. The invitation came from the Rev. R. Daniel, the Rector, who had built a large music room, and he invited the neighbourhood. Mrs. Alfred Shaw was the chief attraction. This lady afterwards married Mr. Robinson, a solicitor in Hadleigh, and abandoned the profession.

In my opinion, the most powerful exponent of the part of the Prophet in "Elijah," was Formes. The power of his voice, its quality of tone, and the dramatic fire of his method, added to a slight foreign accent, made an impression on me which has never recurred in listening to his numerous followers, including Santley, Maybrick, Patey, Andrew Black, and many others. Catherine Hayes at this time sang the part of "The Widow."

Of the year 1851 I seem to have lost many memoranda. But I well recollect the "famous" Clara Novello, whose voice, it is said, filled the Crystal Palace from corner to corner, with a clearness and purity of tone which has never since been achieved by any soprano, Albani, perhaps, excepted. I am sorry I was not present at the opening of the International Exhibition at the

Crystal Palace, for one might write *ad infinitum* of the splendours of it all. The presence of the Queen and Prince Albert, with their picturesque retinue, contributed very largely to a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Some time before this, my career at the Academy had ceased, and I had gone home to assist my father in his profession. After a short stay in that capacity, circumstances arose which led to my seeking another sphere of work. My father wrote to one of his great friends in Ipswich, asking his advice as to the prospects offered there. The reply was not altogether favourable. "Do not let your son leave Bury," he wrote, "There is no room here." But I had set my mind on going, and, just a week afterwards, I left Bury for Ipswich.

MY IPSWICH CAREER.

From an Oil Painting.

MY HOUSE IN TOWER PLACE.

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST PUPILS—MR. RICHARD GARRETT'S KINDNESS —SIMS REEVES AT IPSWICH—MARRIAGE—THE OLD HOUSE IN TOWER PLACE.

I fear this part of my so-called book must be far less interesting to the outside world than that which has preceded it. When one becomes absorbed, as I quickly was, in teaching for many hours daily, there remains very little time to come in contact with matters of sufficient interest to appear in print.

After taking rooms in the principal street, my next step was to advertise, and the first reply was not only in itself encouraging, but the resulting engagement formed the nucleus of a practice which increased far more rapidly than I could have ever anticipated. The first application came from a distance of 24 miles. Consequently, I had to hire a conveyance for one pupil! But all must have

a beginning, so in January, 1851, I took my first drive to Leiston, and Miss Garrett (now Mrs. Grimwood) and her sister became my first pupils. It was Mr. Richard Garrett who launched my boat upon a fairly prosperous voyage. On my arrival at his house, almost the first thing he said was, "What is the cost of the hire of your horse?" I told him, 15s. "And may I ask what is the charge," he went on, "for my daughter's lesson?" Thinking it was at the outset advisable to be moderate, I mentioned an amount so small that he seemed quite astonished, and said, "You'll be some time making a fortune at that rate." He left the room, but returned shortly afterwards, aud said he had got me nine pupils. The comment upon this of all who knew Richard Garrett will be, "Just like him!" Amongst these pupils were Mrs. Garrett Anderson and Mrs. Fawcett.

From that moment, the advice or the prediction of my father's friend was falsified. My masters and others frequently advised me to return to London, and when the Academy appointed me a sub-Professor—a step which usually leads to a position more important—the indications of being able to succeed in the Metropolis were certainly favourable. But the country had charms for me which London had not; I decided to live and

work amidst the quieter surroundings, and I have never regretted my decision.

Shortly after coming to Ipswich, I was asked to conduct a Society in the town. Mr. Godball gave up his bâton to me, and "Elijah" was the first work I undertook. When in London I had had some little experience in conducting, for I was at the head of an Amateur Society in Mortimer Street, where we practised glees, madrigals, etc., Mr. John Blagrove presiding at the piano.

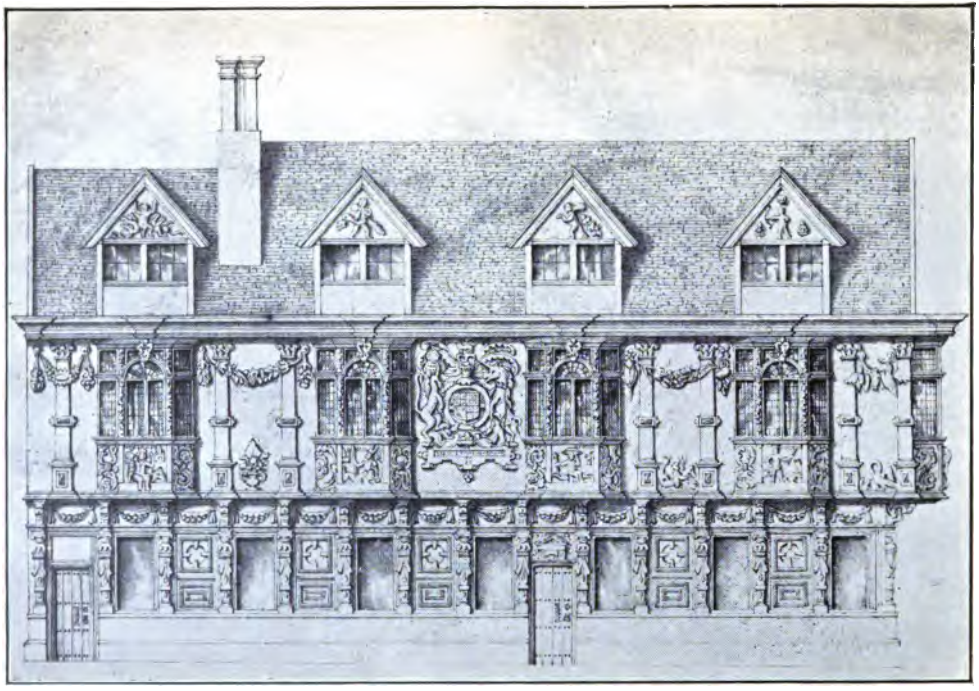
My first concert in Ipswich was most successful. On this occasion, I think, my father played Mozart's G Minor Quartet with François Cramer, my uncle, and Aylward; I played Mayseder's trio, and a concertina duet with Richard Blagrove. Sims Reeves, the tenor of English tenors, was the "star." His principal song was "The Death of Nelson," and one of the comments in a newspaper of the time was—"The appeal that has lately been made to the combative feelings of the people gave to this composition a more than usually intense interest, and Mr. Sims Reeves' singing electrified the audience." *

* It was also stated in this report that I exhibited my skilled proficiency as a pianist "in a *morceau* introducing variations on the air of a chorus in 'The Creation;'" but the *morceau* was really a "creation" of my own!

I continued these concerts in the autumn annually, until later on they became known as "Pawsey and Hayes'" Concerts, and later still as "The Ancient House Concerts."

The musical history of Ipswich has been of a very chequered character. Societies have risen and fallen so rapidly that lovers of music have almost despaired of finding any sound basis for the permanent cultivation of music in either a secular or Oratorio form. In passing I must not forget to tell how, during the lull of interest, Mr. Hunnibell came to the rescue with his "Concordia." Much that was excellent was the result; but after a time this effort was apparently exhausted, and utter stagnation prevailed. Then Mr. Chas. Cooke took the lead. This alternating state of affairs went on for years, and would still go on, but for the energy of the present head of the local musical world, Mr. Bunnell Burton, under whose bâton music in the form of both Oratorio and Opera has reached a high degree of excellence.

In 1852 I became very tired of living by myself. On the 24th June, therefore, I appeared once more at St. Mary's Church, Bury—this time with one at my side, surrounded by bridesmaids. The return from the altar up the lengthy aisle to the west door was an ordeal that we hardly contemplated. At this time I first became



R. M. PHIPSON, del.

Scale 10ft. to an inch.

THE ANCIENT HOUSE, IPSWICH, 1855.

acquainted with Paris—a city one can only describe as delightfully suitable for an occasion of this kind. The Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, Versailles, St. Cloud, the picture galleries, and the numberless other attractions, were visited in turn, and the time passed on swiftest wings. The only drawback to our enjoyment was the excessive heat.

We came back to the house in Tower Place, where I lived for many years. This house has since been pulled down to make way for the private residence of Mr. Gibb, at the back of Messrs. Bacon, Cobbold and Tollemache's Bank. The entrance to the lane off the Cornhill was not inviting, but it had the great desideratum of being beautifully quiet. My sister paid it a very ill compliment by addressing one of her letters to "The Mews," but I replied, heading mine "The Muse." My landlord, friend, and doctor lived next door. An incident that I never forgot may perhaps be mentioned here. On Mondays, I was accustomed to leave home as early as a quarter-past four o'clock. One Monday, I heard the arrival of my gig outside, as usual, as I thought. I rose, had my breakfast, and was about to start, when lo! the clock struck one. The disturber of my slumbers was some one who had come to fetch the doctor.

In 1853, I gave concerts, at Ipswich and Colchester, in which the principal part was maintained by "The English Glee and Madrigal Union," which was under the patronage of her most gracious Majesty the Queen. The vocal performers were Mrs. Endersohn, Mrs. Lockey (formerly Miss M. Williams), Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. The programme was so interesting, and so different in its character from those of modern days, that I think it worth while to reproduce it here. There were three parts, as follows :—

PART I.

GLEE - "When winds breathe soft" - *Webbe*

GLEE - "When the wind blows on the sweet rose tree" *Horsley*

GLEE - "Here, in cool grot" *Lord Mornington*

FOUR-PART SONG "Spring's delights" - - *Müller*

MADRIGAL - "Who shall win my lady fair?" - *Pearsall*

PART II.

RECIT. AND AIR - - "Nina" - - - *Hobbs*
MR. LOCKEY.

SONG - "The bird and the maiden" - *Spohr*
MRS. ENDERSOHN.
(Concertina Obligato, MR. LINDLEY NUNN.)

SONG - "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not" - *Land*
MRS. LOCKEY.

SONG - "Phillis is my only joy" - *Hobbs*
MR. HOBBS.

DUET - - "Canst thou forego" *(Don Quixote)* *Macfarren*
MR. and MRS. LOCKEY.

PART II.—Continued.

CANZONET	"Truth in absence"	*E. Harper*
	MRS. ENDERSOHN.	
CAPRICE (Pianoforte)		*L. Nunn*
	MR. LINDLEY NUNN.	
SCENA	"The bear hunt"	*Kentucky*
	MR. H. PHILLIPS.	

PART III.

GLEE	"Where art thou, beam of light?"	*Sir R. H. Bishop*
GLEE	"Hail! smiling morn"	*Spofforth*
GLEE	"Ye spotted snakes"	*Stevens*
FOUR-PART SONG	"I know a maiden, fair to see"	*J. L. Hatton*
MADRIGAL	"Down in a flowery vale"	*Fesca*, 1541

The idea of Concert Lectures, such as those by which an effort is now being made to educate the public to an appreciation of Wagner and his works, was not unknown even in those days. I have before me the "Illustrations," or Book of Words—bearing the imprint of "Haddock (late Pawsey), Printer, Ipswich"—of an "Entertainment on Sacred Music: Its Origin, Progress, and Decline in England," which was given at the Ipswich Corn Exchange, on Thursday morning, May 9th, 1854, by Mr. H. Phillips, and accompanied by me on the pianoforte. The lecture was in two parts, and this book contains a synopsis of the argument. How that argument ran I am unable to say now, but that it probably

embraced some rather startling opinions, as we should think now-a-days, the following extract will show:—

The new race of Vocalists; their talent and education compared with the present Professors. What oratorios were and what they are. The preposterous habit of foreigners attempting an excellence they are unable to attain; their general ignorance of both Literature and Music!

The more interesting part of the "entertainment" was with reference to the improvised music of the Hebrews, and in this connection I may quote the following extract from the old programme:—

"In the course of the morning, by special desire, will be sung the following Chaunt, which has created so great a sensation throughout the United Kingdom.

ANCIENT CHAUNT OF THE PASSOVER.

Translated from the Hebrew.

I will sing to the Lord of His Glorious triumph; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and He has become my salvation; for He is my father's God, and I will build His habitation.

The Lord is the invincible warrior; for the Lord is His

name. Pharaoh's hosts and chariots hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains in the Red Sea sunk; the depths have covered them, they have sunk below even as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power; Thy right hand, O Lord, HATH CRUSH'D THEM!"

Having settled down at home, my work increased and called for steady application. About this time I was appointed by Dr. Rigaud (who was made Bishop of Antigua in 1858), Choir Master of the Ipswich Grammar School. This appointment I retained under Dr. Holden, and it ceased on his retirement from the Head Mastership.

My brother was then living at Sherborne, having been appointed organist to the Abbey there. I once passed a few pleasant days with him, and, at a concert which he gave, I played a concertina solo. Ricardo Linter (one of the modern school, whose life was curtailed by practising beyond his powers), was the pianist. My brother shortly afterwards moved to Penzance, where he has done much to raise the musical standard of the town and neighbourhood. At the conclusion of a performance of "Elijah" on December 27th, 1878, by the members

of the Penzance Musical Society, he was presented by Lord St. Levan (then Sir John St. Aubyn), with a purse containing 350 guineas, and a silver salver, on which is engraved:—

Presented
As a token of Gratitude and esteem
to
JOHN HOPKINS NUNN, M.R.A.,
By numerous admirers
Of the distinguished Zeal, Ability, and Success
with which he has served the cause of
Choral and Orchestral Music
in West Cornwall.

During the next few years the even tenor of my life was unbroken by any noteworthy incident. I can remember the visit to Ipswich of Albert Smith, the famous lecturer on Mont Blanc. Like Dragonetti, he was given to the wearing of much jewellery; his lecture was charming. I have heard it said that his mental powers were worthy of a higher aspiration than that of making a fortune, to which they were directed. In 1855, the most extraordinary interruption ever known at a concert, perhaps, occurred at one held in the Corn

Exchange, when Mr. Charles Foote Gower, then Mayor of Ipswich, rose from his chair and announced a Victory at the commencement of the Crimean War. His Worship received an ovation; it was some minutes ere the enthusiasm subsided, and the programme could be carried on. I can well recollect the talk there was about the laying of the Atlantic cable—how the several unsuccessful attempts served to justify the prophecy that the thing could never be done, and how the great feat was at last accomplished; and I may say, in passing, too, that I remember how interested we in the country were in reading the accounts of the great fire in Tooley Street. The damage resulting from this fire, on June 22nd, 1861, was estimated at £2,000,000.

One musical reminiscence of this period is that Mendelssohn occasionally stayed at Framlingham with the Rev. G. Attwood, who was closely related to the composer of Church music of that name. Mr. Attwood's sister, at a very advanced age, was a pupil of mine on the organ. It was too late in life for her to do very much, and a rather inferior instrument was not calculated to assist anyone, however desirous of improvement.

In 1860 my work was charmingly varied by a visit to the Clyde. Some kind friends at Helensburgh, hearing

I was working too assiduously, allured me to relax a little for a time, and it was not long ere I was sufficiently recruited to resume my engagements with fresh vigour.

The "Creation" was given at this period. Lockey (who married one of the Misses Williams) sang the tenor part, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss appearing at the same time. I may mention here that Mr. Weiss was chosen by Costa to sing the part of "Eli" on the occasion of its first performance, and, at the conclusion of the Concert was presented by Costa with the full score of the work.

I went to London to hear Moscheles on his last appearance as a pianist. He was seventy-four; nevertheless, he played beautifully. My personal knowledge of him gives colour to the opinion that he was rather miserly, for he exacted to the last farthing the amount for some of his compositions, which I purchased from him. From one who was in the profession this was rather more than his due.

CHAPTER II.

ST. MARY-LE-TOWER—ELECTION OF REV. J. R. TURNOCK —TAKING MY DEGREE—FAMOUS PUPILS—MY HALF-BROTHERS—OPENING OF IPSWICH PUBLIC HALL—MY CANTATA.

In 1861 the incumbency of St. Mary-le-Tower became vacant. The appointment was in the hands of the parishioners, and the election excited a good deal of interest. Some were in favour of what is called the Ritualistic Party, and there was on the other hand an almost equally strong feeling in favour of Evangelical views; the Rev. J. R. Turnock represented the former party, and Rev. Thomas Scott Huxley the latter. The result of the voting was the election of Mr. Turnock, who preached his first sermon on October 20th, 1861.

Long before this I had been appointed organist of St.

Mary-le-Tower Church, thus succeeding Mr. Robert Foster, an excellent musician and a man greatly esteemed. The duties were at first very light, and the remuneration equally so. I held a Choir practice on the Sunday morning before the service, which service was generally over shortly after twelve o'clock. Then there was afternoon service, commencing at three o'clock, and at four, or a little after, I closed the organ until the following week.

When Mr. Turnock became Vicar, however, he gradually increased the demand upon my time by the introduction of the organ during the week-day services. Amongst the choristers was a family of Matt, father and three sons, of whom the latter are now amongst the first, if not the most celebrated trombone players in London. In 1863 the Tower Church was re-built, entirely through the munificent aid of Mr. G. C. E. Bacon. During the rebuilding, the services were conducted in St. Mary Key Church. The organ, then at the west end, was taken down (part of its handsome case is now in my dining-room), and re-built by Willis, and is one of his most successful efforts of its size. In 1864, it was re-opened by Dr. Steggall and myself. On the morning of the opening, the trumpet stop of the great organ was at the railway station, but by eleven o'clock each pipe was in

its place, and little or no tuning was required. What more than this is necessary to speak volumes for Willis, whose reeds are, it is admitted, superior to those of any other builder. Dr. Buck's choristers assisted in the service; Dr. Mann (now organist of King's College Chapel, Cambridge) was one of those who took part in the duet, "I waited for the Lord."

In 1866, the Choral Union took its birth, I being conductor. My services in that capacity were acknowledged by the presentation of a very handsome clock.

This year (1866) was one of great interest to me, for at its close I began to write for my Degree. Engaged as I was, giving fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes as many as eighteen lessons daily,* it became necessary to burn the midnight oil into the early hours, as those who are accustomed to score for a full orchestra will fully understand. However, by continuous application, the task became *un fait accompli.*

I entered my name at St. John's College, Cambridge,

* So many lessons as eighteen in one day I could only accomplish at a school, and it was Miss Fulcher, of the Abbey, at Bury St. Edmund's, who kept me so fully employed for many years. Of this establishment it is impossible to speak too highly, and I feel sure there are very many living who can bear testimony to the valuable moral influence which prevailed within its walls.

took rooms, and had to appear when summoned. I was much indebted to Dr. Steggall and Sir William Sterndale Bennett for many valuable hints, and it was a great act of kindness on the part of Dr. Bennett to come to Cambridge to "conduct the exercise" for me, and on that of Dr. Hopkins to preside at the organ. It was a new experience—the kneeling to the Vice-Chancellor and rising a Mus. Bac. The Cantata has since been performed, both in Ipswich and in Bury.

When my duties as "Tower" organist became more arduous, I found it necessary to have assistance, and a pupil, Eaton Faning, was my first deputy. It was then quite evident, that he possessed every qualification for rising in his profession, as pianist, composer, and conductor. How well he has succeeded all the world knows. Another of my assistants was the son of the former Vicar, Mr. Leger. He, in turn, left to become organist of Madras Cathedral. He was followed by the eldest of my three half-brothers, Edwin Nunn, who for a long time rendered most valuable help in many ways, and on my retiring became organist himself. After a time he left Ipswich to practice in Devizes.

The second of my half-brothers (Percy) was one of that brave party of men, under Major Wilson, who were

annihilated by the Matabele a few years ago. Everybody has read of the last stand made by this band of heroes, and I am proud to think that one of my name and family was associated with a deed which will live in history. I may here, perhaps, quote the following extract from one of our local papers:—

"Mr. Tweed, the young Scotch sculptor, has done the greater part of the gigantic memorial to Major Alan Wilson and his ill-fated party killed in the Matabele War. The memorial, which was ordered by Mr. Rhodes, who has just visited Mr. Tweed's studio to see how it is getting on, is to consist of four huge panels, each 14 ft. by 7 ft., which are to be fixed on the sides of a natural boulder, amid the ruins of Zimbabye (the supposed site of the town of the pre-historic gold-workers), which are close to the spot on the Shangani River where, in December, 1893, Major Wilson and his men were slain, singing 'God save the Queen' to the very end. The inscription on the memorial will be the simple words: 'To brave men,' which were originally carved on a tree by Mr. Dawson, a Buluwayo trader, near to the spot where he himself discovered the bodies of the heroes. Mr. Tweed is at present engaged upon the third of these panels, and when the four are completed they will be cast in

bronze, and sent out to the Cape. The whole of the work is, of course, executed from portraits of the deceased soldiers."

The youngest of my half-brothers went out to Colombo as organist of the Cathedral. That he is many years my junior the following incident will testify. Ipswich boasts of a Fine Art Club, originated and kept floating mainly by the energy of its founder, Mr. Edward Packard, jun. On entering the Gallery one day, I asked the porter if he had seen my brother. His reply was, "No, sir; your grandson has just left." Now, either he must appear very young, or I very much the reverse. Perhaps I may be excused if I think the former to be the case!

In 1868, I went to Penzance to play the organ in a performance of the oratorio, "Judas Macabæus," which took place there on January 14th.

Some time before this, the agitation for the building of a Public Hall in Ipswich had been brought to a practical issue. Mr. Barnes, the architect, visited London to inspect the Hanover Square Rooms, Exeter Hall, St. George's Hall, and other buildings. The hall was opened in 1868 by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Edward Land.

In December of the same year the first Grand Concert was held in the building. The artistes were Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Sinico, Signor Bulterini, Signor Campi, and Mr. Santley; Wehli was the pianist, and was a great success. The following account appeared in the *Suffolk Times and Mercury*:—"The Hall presented a magnificent appearance when the company had all arrived. Over eight hundred reserved seats were taken, the price of the stalls being 7s. 6d. Santley sang 'Hearts of Oak,' which brought down thunders of applause. Next came Mdlle. Titiens, whose appearance caused a perfect furore. To her was allotted Weber's Grand Scena, 'Softly Sighs.' She was encored in Bellini's 'Qui la voce,' and sang with exquisite taste 'The Last Rose of Summer.' To Mr. Lindley Nunn the town is indebted for arranging this concert. The speculation was an important one, and as a first venture it was attended with some risk on his part."

Of the concerts given in Ipswich from year to year, I have kept no exact record. In 1872, there was a grand amateur concert, conducted by myself, in aid (partly) of the Suffolk Convalescent Home at Felixstowe. The peculiar feature of it was the playing of the overture to Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" on ten pianos, the

instrumentalists being the Misses Bond, Birkett, Budden, Bell, Cobbold, Deane, Edwards, Grimston, Henderson, Hearne, Lacon, Lockwood, Nunn, Skinner, Stutter, Tate, and Turner. I should like here to note that, in my opinion, no proportionate increase in the musical effect is gained by a great number of the same kind of instrument being used. At the Hanover Square Rooms, I once listened to fourteen harps, and both my father and I came to the conclusion that there was not a correspondingly good result. Again, I played in 1846, in London, the overture of "William Tell," on an occasion when there were eight pianos and sixteen performers; and I was told that the performance was not effective. At this Ipswich concert in question, the difficulty I experienced in obtaining anything like precision I have never forgotten.

Another very successful event was "The May Queen" Concert, which took place on April 24th, 1873. Our original intention was to have given Bennett's work on May Day, but something occurred to prevent this; for want of natural flowers, too, the ladies of the chorus wore artificial "may-blossoms." The principal vocalists were—

Madame Florence Lancia	...	...	...	May Queen
Mr. Maybrick	...	...	...	Robin Hood
Mrs. R. Elliston	...	...	..	The Queen
Mr. W. Cole	...	...	..	The Lover

—Eaton Faning was at the pianoforte, and Edwin Nunn at the harmonium. There was an immense audience on this occasion, and the pleasure given by the performance of the Cantata was doubly gratifying to me, because of my early association with the famous composer.

In the following year we produced "The Messiah," the principal soloists being Miss Emily Spiller, Madame F. Poole. Mr. Kerr Gedge, and Mr. Maybrick. The chorus numbered nearly 200 voices, and it may be of interest to Ipswich readers to give the names of the band, as follows :—

VIOLINO PRIMO—Mr. C. J. Cooke (Leader) and Mr. W. Pratt, *Principals;* Mr. Branford Edwards and Mr. S. J. Godball.

VIOLINO SECONDO—Mr. Noverre and Mr. Smythies, *Principals;* Mr. H. A. Byng, Mr. J. W. B. King, and Mr. Louis Fox.

VIOLA—Mr. J. H. Nunn, A.R.A., Mr. T. R. Francis, and Mr. W. Southgate.

VIOLONCELLO—Mr. Pettit (Royal Italian Opera), *Principal;* Mr. J. Godball, Mr. Geo. Gudgeon, Mr. J. F. Lewis, and Mr. Marrack.

CONTRA BASSO—Mr. Sharp, Mr. A. Godball, and Mr. C. W. Godball.

FLAUTO—Mr. Thomas Miller and Mr. S. Gooch.

OBOE—Mr. Horton (Royal Italian Opera).

CLARINETTO—Mr. Welton and Mr. Dodson.

FAGGOTTO—Mr. A. Raynham and Mr. J. Saunders.

TROMBE—Mr. T. Harper (Royal Italian Opera).

CORNO—Mr. J. W. Standen (Royal Italian Opera) and Mr. Broughton (Royal Italian Opera).

TROMBONE—Mr. J. Matt (2nd Life Guards), Mr. J. Simpson, and Mr. J. Woollard.

TYMPANI—Mr. E. Nunn.

The first public performance of my Cantata took place at the Public Hall, Ipswich, on May 4th, 1876. The principal artistes were Miss Frances Brooke (of the Royal Albert Hall Concerts), Mr. W. R. Cole, Mr. R. G. D. Lloyd, and Miss Ethel Turner (now Lady Bedford). The programme was as follows:—

PART THE FIRST.

CANTATA (108th Psalm). ... L. NUNN, Mus. Bac.

RECITATIVE - - - "O God, my heart is ready."
MR. LLOYD.

CHORUS - - - "Awake, thou lute and harp."

BASS SOLO - - - - "For Thy mercy."
MR. LLOYD.

CHORUS - - - - "Set up Thyself."

TRIO - - - - - "That Thy beloved."
MISS ETHEL TURNER, MR. COLE, and MR. LLOYD.

CHORALE AND CHORUS - "God hath spoken in His holiness."

RECITATIVE - - "Who will lead me into the strong city?"
MR. COLE.

CHORALE - - "And who will lead our hosts along?"

INTRODUCTION TO LAST CHORUS "O help us against the enemy."

DOUBLE FUGUE - - "Thro' God we shall do great acts."

PART THE SECOND.

GLEE - - "Sisters of the Sea" - - *Jackson*
Soli—MISS MATT, MISS BROOME,
MR. GRAYSTON and MR. STEEL.

DUET - "Love and War" - *T. Cooke*
MR. COLE and MR. LLOYD.

PART THE SECOND—Continued.

SONG - - "The Tempest" - - *Ward*
MISS FRANCES BROOKE.

CHORUS - "Come if you dare" - *Purcel*
Solo—MR. COLE.

SONG - - "Bliss for ever past" - - *Balfe*
MR. LLOYD.

*MINUET (Extract from Quintett) - - *Boccherini*

CHORUS - "The Chough and the Crow" - *Bishop*
Soli—MISS CHAPMAN, MISS E. TURNER, and MR. LLOYD.

SONG - - "Sweethearts" - - *Sullivan*
MR. COLE.

ECHO CHORUS - - - - - *Neithardt*
Echo—MISS ETHEL TURNER.

ANDANTE AND RONDO "Russe" - - *De Beriot*
F. B. SMYTHIES, ESQ., R.A.M.

SONG - - "Tell me my heart" - - *Bishop*
MISS FRANCES BROOKE.

CHORUS - "Merry Boys" - *Bishop*
Soli—MISS BROOKE, MR. COLE, and MR. LLOYD.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

—In the newspaper reports of the time, particular reference was made to the trio, "That Thy beloved." "A fine orchestral and vocal effect," it was added, "occurs in the introduction to the last chorus, in the rendering of the words, 'For vain is the help of man'; the final movement (a double fugue) was rendered with great spirit, and the applause which followed at once

* In this movement Four Lady Violinists will take part.

established the success of the piece." The old prejudice against the violin, as an instrument for ladies, had not quite died out, for the writer of the same notice assured the ladies that their "elegant bowing" had done much towards destroying the generally-prevailing impression that the violin could not be gracefully performed upon by ladies. "The Echo Chorus," with Miss Ethel Turner impersonating the Echo, was highly praised.

I must pass very briefly over other concerts which followed. In 1878 the artistes who appeared in a miscellaneous programme were Miss Robertson, Miss F. Robertson, Miss Ellen de Fonblanque, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Wadmore, and Mons. Albert (solo violoncello); Signor Alberto Randegger was conductor of the party. "Judas Maccabæus" was given in January, 1880, the principal vocalists being Miss Henrietta Nunn, Miss Annie Butterworth, Miss M. Johnson, Mr. Abercrombie, and Mr. Hilton; and later on in the same year we had another grand evening concert, in which those engaged were Miss Henrietta Nunn, Miss Ethel Turner, Miss Louisa Nunn (solo violin), Monsieur Laserre (solo violoncello), and Miss A. B. Nunn. Monsieur Laserre spent the evening at my house, and told me that his violoncello cost him 700 guineas. I heard afterwards

that the instrument was destroyed in a railway accident. In 1881 "Elijah" was produced, the principal vocalists being Miss Henrietta Nunn, Miss Grace Damian, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Frederic King.

In my various visits to London, I frequently heard Adelina Patti. I cannot exactly say what I thought wanting, but after having heard Grisi, Persiani, Jenny Lind, Alboni, and others, I was hypercritical, perhaps, and, though charmed with Patti's acting, her voice did not please me so much as I had anticipated. That her career has been marvellously successful however, is known to all; to no other artiste have such enormous fees been paid, Paderewski, perhaps, excepted.

On November 22nd, 1881, St. Cecilia's Day, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was performed in the Tower Church. By permission of the proprietors of the *Ipswich Journal*, I am able to give the following account of the festival:—

"As of late much has been said for and against St. Cecilia being brought so prominently into notice, the service at St. Mary Tower on Tuesday morning was looked forward to by some with curiosity, and others with interest, and, as might be expected, the service and

the concert were both largely attended. Of the former we can scarcely speak with sufficient praise.

"The object of this service was originally in no way connected with St. Cecilia, but simply a morning service with an elongated anthem, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of an organ (itself an object of local interest), which, however grand in its original construction, is not proof against wear and tear, but rather its very excellence calls forth the greater necessity to keep its multitudinous arrangements and complicated mechanism in working order. Hence, in order to achieve this object, the service took place on Tuesday last, and was most reverent, impressive, and thrilling, and never to be forgotten by those who happened to be present. The short morning form of prayer commenced at half-past eleven, the Rev. J. R. Turnock taking the musical portion of the prayers; the Curate of St. Matthew's (the Rev. A. H. Hayes) reading the lesson at the end of the Third Collect. The Rev. J. R. Turnock delivered a short but most appropriate address, stating the cause of the assembly, and then followed the 'Hymn of Praise,' Mr. Lindley Nunn acting as conductor; the female voices massed right and left of him on each side of the chancel screen; the tenors and basses occupy-

ing the chancel; Mr. Edwin Nunn presiding at the organ. The surpliced band, led by Mr. Cooke and Herr Röver, were placed immediately in front of the screen. The opening strain of the bass trombone was most effective. The symphony was purposely curtailed. On a given note the chorus rose, and the burst of voices with the words 'All men' commenced the vocal portion of the work with such exact precision and telling effect that it was certain from that moment that the chorus portion of the work under Mr. Lindley Nunn's bâton, would be a success, and so it was, but not without the valuable and efficient help from the band and organ, Mr. E. Nunn supplying, every now and then with considerable taste, the sustaining effects of the wind. The soprano solo, 'Praise thou the Lord,' was most beautifully rendered by Master Tebbutt. The following recitative and air given by Mr. Coleridge, went some way, we think, to lessen the general effect; the effort to produce the high notes was observable, his voice having lost its freshness. Still, Mr. Coleridge showed signs of great musical feeling. The concluding chorus, 'Ye nations offer to the Lord," was magnificently rendered, the points being well taken up, and thus concluded a musical service, impressive, devotional, and indelible upon one's memory.

"The arrangements were in every way most efficient. The task of finding seats for so many could not have been an easy one for the churchwardens, Mr. Hy. Chapman and Mr. E. T. Read, and others, but there seemed to be not the slightest confusion. The proceeds amounted to £50 2s.—a munificent sum.

"The evening concert at the Public Hall was a great success. It was given in aid of the Training School in St. Helen's, which was established in 1866, Mrs. J. Patteson Cobbold acting as Secretary. The concert opened with Spohr's 'Hymn to St. Cecilia,' the first part terminating with a choral ballad, 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' and the second part with Macfarren's 'Now fie on love.'"

I received the following letter from the Rev. J. R. Turnock with regard to this Festival:—

"Parkside, Ipswich,

"November 23rd, 1881.

"Dear Mr. Nunn,

"I hear but one opinion of the success and of the quiet and reverential manner in which the "Hymn of Praise" passed off yesterday. The whole thing was a triumphant and magnificent refutation of the nonsense

that has been talked and written; if, indeed, such nonsense were worth attending to. I congratulate you very much. I am sure it has been an anxiety, and if you are as pleased with the result as all those whom I heard speak of it, there is nothing more to be desired.

"Yours very truly,

"JAMES R. TURNOCK."

CHAPTER III.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE—MORE ABOUT SIMS REEVES—LADIES' ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS—M.P. FOR CAMBRIDGE!—A BREAK DOWN IN "ISRAEL IN EGYPT"—TROUBLES OF A CONDUCTOR—LOCAL MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

An unfortunate propensity for taking a few shares in public companies—a very dangerous taste, in my opinion, to all who are not on the spot to watch the ever-varying quotations—was partially the reason why I was much interested in the building of the Alexandra Palace. Dr. Chevallier, Mayor of this year (1881), with myself and others, went to London for the opening. Besides being interested in the building, I was very desirous of hearing the large organ, especially as it was built by Willis, and furthermore because Lucas, a son of the contractors, was a former pupil. The day was brilliant, likewise the

opening ceremony; but, as is well-known, within a week the Palace was reduced to ashes.

In the summer I enjoyed a rest in the Ardennes—a district full of interest, especially to artists. Dinant afforded an excellent centre for excursions.

In 1882, I conducted in "Martha," one of the most pleasing concerts ever given in Ipswich. One incident connected with that event was thought to be somewhat extraordinary then, though it would excite no surprise now—so remarkable have been the advances of Science. Two of my pupils were in quarantine, recovering from scarlet fever, at Bramford, and by means of the telephone, they were enabled to enjoy the performance; especially the "Last Rose of Summer," sung by my niece, Gertie Nunn. Every note of the song, they told me at the conclusion, was heard distinctly.

In the summer, I went to Aix la Chappelle. The music in the Tonhalle was certainly good. Shortly after this I visited Wales, so that I had ample opportunity of brushing away the cob-webs.

In 1883, Sims Reeves announced his "Farewell Concert." His reputation for not always appearing had this effect—that very many went to the Ipswich Railway Station to await his arrival before they would take

tickets! I think that Sims Reeves' determination not to sing, except when in good voice, was most judicious, although disappointing to the public.

A farewell of my own, in a certain sense, took place in the same year, as the following letter, dated "Whit-Monday, May 14th, 1883," will show:—

"Dear Mr. Nunn,

"In behalf of the members of the Ipswich Choral Society, whose names are on the enclosed paper, we beg to express our regret that you have resigned the conductorship, and our thanks for the time and trouble you have devoted to us.

"We hope you will accept the accompanying watch as a substantial token of our regard, and trust you may occasionally resume your bâton.

"Yours sincerely,

"CHRISTINE C. MASTER,

"M. A. COLE."

It is a curious thing, illustrating the vagaries of one's memory, that, until my attention was called to the fact, I had quite forgotten all about the visit to Ipswich in 1862 of Sims Reeves and Jenny Lind. They appeared at both an afternoon and an evening concert—the one

held in the Old Corn Exchange, and the other at the Lecture Hall. There was a crowded attendance on both occasions; the charge for first and second seats was a guinea and half-a-guinea respectively, and the gross proceeds of the two days amounted to no less than £750. The streets outside the Corn Exchange were crowded, while the concert was going on, by people who hoped to hear an echo of the music. Jenny Lind was Madame Goldschmidt then, and I remember experiencing a feeling of disappointment; she hardly appeared to be the same Jenny Lind whom I had seen and heard in "Robert" and "La Figlia." *

It may be of interest to note here that Sir William Gilstrap, of Fornham, near Bury St. Edmund's, gave to "The Associated Board" of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, a thousand pounds to be devoted to a scholarship for the county of Suffolk. The

* It will be seen by anyone who takes the trouble to inquire that Sims Reeves has visited Ipswich on four occasions. The first time was at my concert in 1851; the second in 1862, as above-mentioned; the third in January, 1872, at a concert given by Mrs. Arthur Wykes Cole; and the fourth at his farewell appearance in May, 1883. In 1872 he sang Blumenthal's "The Requital," and, in response to an encore, "God Bless the Prince of Wales." His Royal Highness was just recovering from his serious illness, and the audience, standing while the song was sung, cheered at the close with the greatest enthusiasm.

preliminary examinations were held at Ipswich by Mr. T. Palmer, Mr. Chas. Cooke, and myself. There were a great many candidates, and we sent up those whom we thought eligible. The following is a list of the holders of the Scholarship, which was discontinued in 1895 at the express request of the donor :—

Bolton, Mary A., Bury St. Edmund's, Pianoforte; Tillott, Margaret D., Beccles, Pianoforte; Collins, Henry B., Ipswich, Organ; Ranson, Gertrude I., Stowmarket, Singing; Bennett, Marguerite E., Ipswich, Singing.

In 1886 the first Ladies' Orchestral Concert took place. The novelty, added to the generally pleasing effect of the orchestra—and, I feel bound to add, in all sincerity, their efficiency—created a most favourable opinion, and has since led to the almost invariable result that no orchestral performance here is complete without the engagement of some members, at least, of the fair sex.

In 1887 my usual summer escape from work was to Switzerland; and, for recuperating one's energies, surely there is no country like it.

Bottesini now appears on the scene. Well, wonderful as he was, my former recollections of Dragonetti dwarfed any impression I might otherwise have formed. Nevertheless, he was a very fine player. His instrument has fallen into the hands of a friend of Mr. Bent (an excellent

violin player, and Professor of the Royal College), while that of Dragonetti (a huge instrument) is in the South Kensington Museum.

In this year my brother Edwin Nunn conducted "The Golden Legend" (Sullivan) here, with the aid of the Royal Academy band; and it was admitted by those who heard it to be a fine rendering of an excellent work.

It is quite a relief to me, as it must be to my readers also, to leave for a moment the musical details which have been so persistently reiterated. I digress for a time, therefore, to say that I was elected member for Cambridge! Ipswich started a Local Parliament, and Cambridge was the borough I represented. The institution had a very short career; why, I can hardly tell. It was very amusing, and, in a way, instructive. The speaker (Mr. A. Gibb) fulfilled the duties of Chairman admirably. As in Ipswich of former days, politics "ran high," and both sides of the "House" carried on the debates in a somewhat over-enthusiastic fashion. It may have been this that led to the dissolution of our Parliament sooner than was expected.

Once more, the "Ladies' Orchestral" commenced work, under my bâton. At the concert of 1888, the Misses Eisslers, two very clever sisters, charmed the

audience—one as a violinist, the other as a harpist—while two of my nieces contributed vocally. In 1889, Dr. Bridge's "Callirhoë" taxed our powers, requiring, as it did, a great augmentation of the band; but this, with means, is not difficult, owing to our proximity to London. Hence the performance satisfied the critics.

When "Israel in Egypt" was performed in Ipswich some years before this, my nerve as conductor was severely put to the test. In one of the choruses, the sopranos lost the lead, and for some minutes all was in a state of chaos. I could see that the only chance of recovery was to signal a dead stop, and recommence the chorus. This effect, though disastrous, was not so observable as one might imagine, for one of the audience told me afterwards that he thought this especial chorus was one of the most effective of the "Plagues of Egypt!"

To be the conductor of a concert is not always smooth sailing. On one occasion, for instance, Bispham was to have sung for me; as he had gained a widespread reputation, many were anxious to hear him, and the audience was not a little chagrined when I had to announce his non-arrival in consequence of having lost his train, owing to a block in the traffic. Again, May-

brick and Patey once met on the Liverpool Street platform. Maybrick said, "What are you doing here, Patey?" He replied, "I'm going down to Ipswich to sing in 'Elijah' for Nunn." "So am I," said Maybrick. Accordingly, down they both came, to my great discomfiture. But what appeared to me at the moment a serious state of things resulted favourably after all. I suggested that one should sing half the work; the other the remainder. This they would not agree to. Therefore, it was decided that Patey should take the part of the Prophet; but he had hardly sung more than a few lines when he became ill, and, fortunately for us all, Maybrick was on the spot to come to the rescue. What would have been the consequence but for this, I cannot imagine.

It is hardly necessary to individualise to any great extent the various Societies in the neighbourhood that I have conducted. One of the earliest was at Dedham, and delightful evenings they were to me, and doubtless to the members also. An elegant ivory bâton was presented to me by Mr. Penrose, who organised the meetings. I opened their organ in the fine old church, by the way, the Bishop of Rochester preaching the sermon.

There was also a Society at Halstead, with me at its head. This existed for some time. I was the recipient of a gold pencil for my services in superintending the purchase of an organ for the parish church. It would weary my readers, however, to enumerate the various gifts I have received. Amongst them were a gold watch from the Ipswich Choral Society—that referred to in the letter from Miss Masters which I have already quoted; a tea tray from friends at Rushmere; a pencil from the Countess Esterhazy; an ivory bâton from the Misses Skinner, of the Chantry, at the conclusion of the performance of "Elijah," and a valuable piece of china from the Ladies' Band, which comprised amateurs of the neighbourhood, and was founded by Miss Henderson of Bramford. This last presentation was made in the large hall at Christchurch Mansion, which is admirably adapted for music, and I never pass the old house without recalling the pleasant meetings we had there. The concerts in connection with this Ladies' Band were always most interesting and amusing. There was a freedom about the proceedings which does not prevail on more serious occasions. The meetings after the concerts, I used to think, formed the most pleasant feature of all, discussions on the various items of the programme

keeping us up to a late hour. After the Albinez Concert, we kept it up very late indeed, Albinez playing in my drawing-room, to the delight of all his listeners—though not quite to the benefit of my piano! I thought every moment that it would be stringless, but it survived the treatment. As he spoke of his "dear wife" more than once, I chanced to say, "Your dear wife is not with you." "Oh! no," he replied, "When I say *dear wife*, I mean *expensive* wife." So we changed the subject. He was very complimentary on the playing of the ladies in the orchestra, and wrote a most laudatory paragraph for the Spanish papers, which he afterwards had sent to me.

From this reference to local associations, I must not omit the Needham Society, which was originated by Mrs. Tidswell, and lasted for some years, but gave way eventually to the present Badminton Gatherings. There was also a Society at Woodbridge, under the auspices of of Mrs. J. B. Hart. Generally, we practised the music which was being rehearsed at Ipswich, and, at the concerts given by the Ipswich Choral Society, the Woodbridge contingent came over to assist in the performance. Yet another Society was formed at Diss, and this was successfully carried on for two or three

seasons. In the second year the practices were held at Eye. One of the concerts took place there, and my family remember it well because of an amusing *contretemps*. My daughters and nieces formed a rather large proportion of the performers, who were entertained by various friends in the neighbourhood. Some of the ladies were kindly invited by Lord Henniker to Thornham Hall, and the luggage was so mismanaged—the gentlemen's portmanteaux being sent in error to Thornham—that these ladies had to remain invisible next day until the mistake had been rectified.

One of the most successful concerts I have been associated with, and one which was much appreciated, was that at which Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" was given in 1890. The soloists were Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Greta Williams, Mr. Maldwin Humphreys, and Mr. Thomas Kempton. Some of those present may have recalled the memory of this concert, as I did, when they read the painfully thrilling story of the wreck of the "Stella." It will be remembered that Miss Greta Williams was on board that ill-fated vessel, and that, while drifting about in an open boat with other passengers, she sang "Oh, rest in the Lord," to cheer the drooping spirits of her companions in misfortune.

The name of Barnett recalls my pleasant recollection of hearing Beethoven's Choral Symphony, conducted by Spohr, at the Philharmonic, and the playing of Mendelssohn's D Minor Concerto by J. Francis Barnett, at the age, I believe, of 12, in 1853.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES DICKENS IN IPSWICH—A GLORIOUS HOLIDAY IN THE RIVIERA—THE MONTE CARLO BAND—A TRIBUTE TO MR. BUNNELL BURTON — HENNIKER CHORAL COMPETITIONS — TALE OF SIR HENRY HAWKINS—CONCLUSION.

It will have been seen that the events mentioned in the foregoing chapters are by no means arranged in chronological order. Truth to tell, I have made no attempt to do so. It is a greater pleasure to me in writing, to fly back to days remote, than to follow recent events more closely. This plan seems to be an incentive to my brain, therefore I will ramble on to the close.

Let me recall the pleasure, then, that I had in hearing Charles Dickens read, either in the Corn Exchange or

the Public Hall, as also the fact that I remember the first number of "The Pickwick Papers" being read to us aloud by my father, and the eagerness with which we all looked for each succeeding number. To go still further back—long before my time, of course—I remember reading in the Bury paper that exactly one hundred years ago Mrs. Siddons' acting there was so realistic that, on the first night of her appearance, one in the pit, and another in the gallery, were so impressed that they went into violent hysterics!

In 1891, taking my holiday in the winter instead of early autumn, I went to the Riviera. The crossing from Parkeston to the Hook of Holland, when there is a full moon and calm sea—the last being essential to the pleasure of those who "turn pale" when on the water—is of itself, if I may borrow a musical figure, a refreshing prelude to the delights that are sure to follow. The St. Gothard Railway struck me most forcibly, the entering into various tunnels at apparently the same spot being at first curiously bewildering. My headquarters were at Bordighera. I was a little disappointed with it, I think, though the view of olive trees and gigantic palms, and the cerulean Mediterranean, ought to have given me sufficient satisfaction. I had here the

great pleasure and privilege of visiting George Macdonald, and hearing him recite. On entering his drawing-room, a gentleman accosted me, saying, "Mr. Nunn, I believe?" After expressing my astonishment, and enquiring his name, he replied, "I am a son of Mr. George Macdonald; I was a member of your Society at Eye, while staying with Mr. Page Roberts." I may say that Mr. Page Roberts was the organiser of this Society. On my return from the Riviera at Marseilles, this same Mr. Macdonald introduced me to his wife. How small is the world!

While at Bordighera I met an artist from Venice, and, having my sketching materials with me, I ventured to ask if I might sketch with him. He consented most graciously, and we worked at some very picturesque buildings, which abound at every corner of almost every continental town or village. I was delighted with his picture, and desired to purchase it. "No," was his reply, "all my work I'm obliged to send to Tooth, in the Haymarket." However, some weeks after my return, I received the sketch, and I value it for many reasons.

In travelling by train westward, one comes to the frontier at Ventimiglia. The two clocks in the station differ an hour—one showing the time at Rome, the

other the time in Paris. Canon Turnock, who kindly mapped out my route, said, "Be sure you see Roccabruna—a village on the edge of a precipice." I did so, and found it to be all he had described. The ascent from the station, and perhaps even more the descent, led me to congratulate myself that I had no heart affection. Here, a curious thing happened. In a garden near the station, I saw growing a very striking flower, in full bloom. "Nothing venture, etc.," thought I, entering the grounds, to become possessed of a spray, if possible. I had not gone far before someone accosted me. After I had apologised for trespassing, and explained what had tempted me, the owner came to me most politely, and granted me the object of my wish. Singularly enough, he knew many of my friends. During afternoon tea with the family I expressed great admiration for all I saw, and jocularly remarked that I should like to hire the house. "Ah!" he said, "I have let it for next year to the Chappells of Bond Street."

Of San Remo and Nice, I saw but little, pushing on rapidly to Cannes. With weather fine, and flowers blooming—tobacco blowing, and canvas painting—I passed ten days of unmitigated enjoyment.

But the hours most to be remembered were those

spent at Monte Carlo. To "See Naples and die" is a saying which may be improved upon by "See Monte Carlo and live." The Classical Concerts held in the Casino on Thursdays, compared most favourably with any music I had ever listened to. It was necessary, in order to gain admittance, to be at the doors at least an hour before the performance. I was not aware of this, and I found a vast crowd before me on my arrival, and every seat taken. I said to an official, "I have come all the way from London to hear this music." He seemed to sympathise with me, saying, "Keep close to me, you shall have the place of the first person who comes out." In less than ten minutes I was in the hall listening to the band of eighty performers (all solo players, who never leave the town). The music of Wagner was rendered in a way I have never heard since.

I was particularly interested in Milan. A visit to the superb Cathedral is ample compensation for a journey, however long and tedious. What struck me forcibly, while looking at the celebrated picture by Leonardo da Vinci, was the excellent work done by the art students who were copying it—the copies by the ladies seemed to surpass those of the men. The Opera House brought to my recollection the numberless artists, amongst them

Sims Reeves, who there gained such valuable experience. Genoa was also visited, and of course I made a point of seeing Paganini's violin, of which the Genoese take great care. It is kept locked up in a case. The sight of it made me regret still more that I had never heard it. The Campo Santo, with its marvellous sculpture, is superb. The mention of this place reminds me of visiting Père la Chaise many years ago, when the first inscription that met my gaze was one to "Auguste Parent," who was a pupil of mine at the Grammar School at Dedham. The harbour at Marseilles and the numerous cafés are worthy of note, but the journey to Calais was most dreary, and my feeling on reaching home was, "England for me, after all!"

In this year (1890) the first telephone was used between London and Paris. Later on, while staying at the hotel "St. James," in the Rue de Rivoli, I heard part of an opera through the telephone. Such an experience, I thought, contrasted marvellously with the state of things recorded in these early pages. Now, habit has accustomed one to look upon this means of communication as an every-day affair.

The years immediately following were marked only by the re-construction of the Ipswich Musical Society, and

a few concerts. In 1894 I conducted a performance of Dr. Bridge's, "The Sleeping Beauty." The Misses Salter sang for me for the first time in public, in England. They studied in Brussels, under Madame Moriani. Their position in London is now quite established, and certainly, when singing together, which in public they usually do, one cannot fail to realise that they are clever artistes. At this concert the family of the Flood-Porter rendered valuable assistance.

When in Holland, in 1894, we stayed at Scheveningen, and in the Kursaal there—a building capable of holding four thousand people—the evenings were passed most pleasantly in listening to a very fine band, drinking coffee, smoking cigars, and above all in having the liberty of moving about at one's will.

Coming close upon the present time, there is but little for me to record, except perhaps the performance of "Elijah," in 1897, with the following artistes:—Lady Bedford, who has always delighted the Ipswich public, and on this occasion sang the difficult part of "The Widow," charmingly; Miss Ada Crossley (contralto), Andrew Black, Miss Walton, and Mr. Lawrence Friar; and in the double quartette, Mrs. Bernard, Mr. King-Smith, Mr. Brockbank, and Mr. Dalby. Aided by a

powerful band, conducted very efficiently by Mr. Bunnell Burton, this was an excellent interpretation of this favourite oratorio. I take this opportunity of saying that Ipswich is enormously indebted to Mr. Burton for maintaining and even advancing the cultivation of music in various ways. The musical service at the Mother Church, the Choral Society, and the Amateur Operatic Society, are all evidences of his great musical ability and energy, and, but for him, I dare venture to say that music in Ipswich would have fallen to zero.

In 1897, the Honourable Alice M. Henniker started "Choral Competitions," a scheme by which it is hoped that church music especially may be improved, and certainly, judging from the two competitions that have taken place, the foundress may be sincerely congratulated. The effort to inaugurate this scheme necessitated much time, trouble, and expense; but with the co-operation of the county, these obstacles will be greatly diminished, and choral music in villages will doubtless rise to a higher level than has ever yet been attained.

It would be wearisome to give details of all the numerous concerts I have conducted. I will content myself by alluding to the composers of the works performed, which include Handel, Mendelssohn, Hadyn,

Rossini, Gounod, Gaul, Romberg, Barnett, Dr. Bridge, Macfarren, Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett, and Wallace. The artistes who have sung for me would make a formidable list, but I may subjoin a few:—Titiens, Sims Reeves, Santley, Miss M. B. Hawes, Henry Phillips, Mary Davies, Liza Lehmann, Marian McKenzie, Miss Stanley Lucas, the Misses Salter, and hosts of others, which the loss of various programmes prevents my enumerating.

My life has been devoted to music, yet, so strong are youthful impressions that my early liking for the law has never died out, and, all through these years, I have always taken the opportunity of attending the Assizes, if only for ever so short a time. The last occasion was when Sir Henry Hawkins (now Baron Brampton of Brampton) came on circuit to Ipswich a few weeks before his retirement from the bench. Many amusing anecdotes are told of the eminent criminal judge—Is this new? One of Sir Henry's peculiarities was that of wearing his hair very closely cut. The story runs that the judge, when on a Southern Circuit, was taking a walk with his brother judge. Calling at a wayside inn, they saw two labourers absorbed in a game of skittles, and asked permission to join them. This being readily

given, each judge took one labourer as partner. As the game progressed, Sir Henry removed his coat, and later his hat; but his Lordship's partner immediately stopped playing. "Go on," my friend, said the judge, "Why do you stop?" "Well," said the man, "I don't mind being neighbourly, but"—looking at the judge's closely cropped hair—"I'm darned if I be a-going to play skittles with a ticket-of-leave man."

In concluding the "Recollections of my Life," I may perhaps be allowed to express my convictions greatly in favour of the profession which it has been my lot to follow. When I remember the delightful associations connected therewith, the pleasant hours spent in the open air through a picturesque country to meet on all sides friends ever ready to give a helping hand, and often such friendships culminating in enhancing the pleasure of teaching, it is with no little regret that it sometimes occurs to me that, as time is on the wing, a day may not be far distant when the sun may set on my prosperous voyage through life. But so long as my health continues as it is, I hope to wear out rather than rust out, feeling convinced that occupations of any kind conduce to one's happiness, and most certainly to a greater enjoyment of the years that remain. My godfather

(Mr. C. V. Incledon) has furnished me, I think, with a few appropriate lines, in which to bid adieu to those who will have had the patience to peruse thus far:—

"Now, oft in home and peaceful moments past
On pure delight, in youth's delirious joy,
My aching thoughts o'er mem'ry's page I cast,
And sigh, and once more wish myself a boy."

"O mihi prœteritos referat si Jupiter Annos."

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